Mellow

Space

INTRODUCTION

The environment in which we exist initially seems eternal and unchanging in its essence. Perhaps we do not even think much about what actually shapes us and our environment. But the more we learn, the more we come to realize that everything is constantly changing and constantly changing precisely because of its variability.

In the course of my scientific work, which began with cybernetics and later found itself at the intersection of information technology and biology, I formed a fairly clear idea of its place in public life. Of course, the topic of bioinformatics has always been relevant, but it is becoming particularly relevant now, in connection with trends generated by the concrete results of the active development of transbiology.

And how unexpected it was to come face to face with one striking manifestation of these trends, including me! We clearly saw how phenomena that fully determine our familiar existence, as a result of their further development, will overturn and destroy it, ultimately giving rise to something new.

Acting delicately and kindly, with openness to new knowledge, I managed to form a coherent picture of this amazing case, which probably marks great changes in the foreseeable, not-too-distant future, based on a multitude of individual points of view.

I have tried to make sense of all the events related to this and bring them together into a single narrative that you will surely find interesting and which, I very much hope, will give you new food for thought. Perhaps, in the end, you will form your own unique view of all this.

Text and Design – **Artem**

Lore and Arts – **Artifyber**

Some Idea Sparks were taken from the **Fyberverse Talks**, as well as the **works of Morris Cornfort, Felix Dzerzhinsky, and Zaha Hadid**

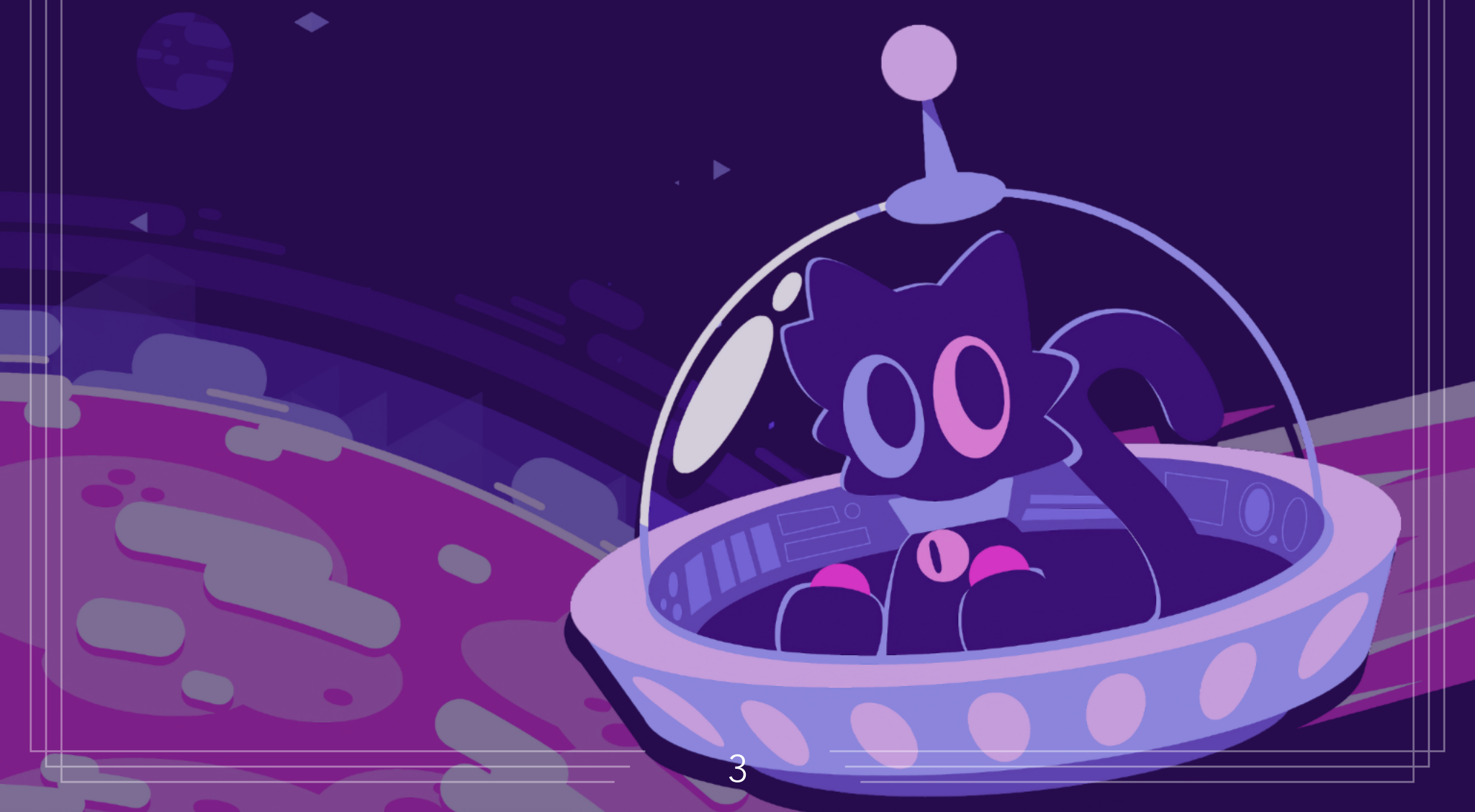
Library of Fyberverse

I

In the depths of outer space, among countless nebulae and celestial bodies, the Micros made their endless voyage in search of knowledge. They are grains of life, microscopic to the entire universe, but united in a single society. Without even having permanent personal names, the Micros form a great knowing essence that envelops space, where every idea is the property of all, and each individual cosmic cat is the embodiment of all Micros. The universe is infinite, as is its knowledge – an endless source of interest and movement.

However, the path of such movement sometimes turns out to be quite intricate and unpredictable…

Flip steadily stretched and compressed the space around them, making it resemble waves gently rolling across the surface of a distortion bubble. Micro periodically reduced the pseudo-speed of his flying saucer to reduce distortions from the flip itself and determine the fluctuations of the cosmic space around them.



Gradually, the space cat's attention was captured by the strange behavior of the geometric metric, which became more and more noticeable the further they flew.

The readings of the advanced multi-adder were displayed on a multitude of spatial screens floating under the dome of the flip. With his characteristic calmness and even a certain indifference, Micro tried to determine the source of the unusual spatial fluctuations and understand their nature. To do this, they tried various methods of approximation and comparison of the recorded signals, trying to derive their function. Soon, however, Micro was forced to abandon his search and conclude that the distortions had a very complex and unstable form.

— Could it be intelligence? – flashed through Micro's mind – Spawned by fluctuations in cosmic matter?

While the cosmic cat structured his observations, never ceasing to fantasize about living fluctuations, the distortions of space continued to grow. At some point, they became relentless. In turn, Micro themself somehow involuntarily tuned into the currents of space and guided the saucer along them. As a result, the directed distortions picked up the flip and directed it along a spiral trajectory straight to the source of the unknown fluctuations.

And then Micro came to his senses. It cannot be said that they was somehow frightened – sudden flashes of the new amid the endless calm and emptiness of space are not unexpected for Micro. After all, space is a familiar environment to which they are fully adapted. Even if this environment has its dangers, they are easy to avoid. In fact, going out into space for Micro is like going out of the house onto the street for the inhabitants of planets.

Meanwhile, the flying saucer had come close enough that something interesting could be seen through the visual observation system. Micro stretched the application window and looked closely. His gaze fell on a star, whose plasma cloud was contracting into a disc, streaming away and being pulled somewhere to the side.

— It looks like a small black hole, hence the obvious distortions – Micro concluded and took a picture of outer space along with a dump of the rest of the multi-sensor readings.

However, they was confused by the fact that there was no noticeable background emanating from this celestial body. Just like the distortions in space, it differed from those of known types of black holes. Micro carefully examined the image of space they had obtained.

— Unbelievable! It's some kind of new life form! – flashed through his mind.

And indeed, Micro saw an amazing creature before his eyes. It was… a cat, its body barely visible against the backdrop of outer space, a clump of some kind of dark matter. The cat's paws, on the other paw, were the color of incandescent plasma with a lighter border at the base. And the features of its face resembled a group of bright celestial bodies.

The cat also noticed Micro, and after finishing its meal, turned and flew toward his plate. It is unknown how much time passed, but in space, it was only a moment. Finally, when the two cosmic creatures were close enough, Micro put on his transparent helmet, removed the dome from his plate, and flew toward the cat.

Interestingly, her size had decreased, so imperceptibly that Micro only noticed it when he glanced at the uneaten cloud remaining in the distance. The cat was much larger than that star, but now she was the same height as Micro themself. And in other respects, she was very similar to them.

Micro was shy, while his counterpart, on the contrary, behaved openly and even playfully. It was not surprising that she was the first to break the silence, which was so awkward for Micro.

Her greeting, in the form of distorting waves, shook the helmet's sensory module and was transmitted to Micro in the form of a voice. The intonation clearly conveyed the singular cat's positive attitude and naive curiosity.

Micro greeted her in return, nodding his head twice. Then he tried, using complex movements of his paws and tail, to find out who she was, where she came from, and how she perceived herself and the world around her.

Micros are not capable of speaking – they use sign language and touch, as well as various types of writing, to communicate. In principle, such a choice was quite appropriate for airless space. But no – it turns out that instead of air vibrations, it is quite possible to use the vibrations of space itself for conversation.

The singular cat apparently understood these movements in its own way. In response, it began to playfully paw at Micro, pulling and pushing them.

Completely confused, Micro tried to stop her and explain themself, waving his paws, but this only further increased the singular cat's enthusiasm.

She gently poked them in the face and paws, hugged them, threw them into orbit around herself, causing them to spin around his axis, then caught them and started poking them again. The touch of her reddish paws felt like ordinary pokes, but as they approached her singular body, Micro saw how all the space around them, and even themself, stretched and distorted.

Abandoning his clearly futile attempts to communicate with the singular cat, Micro wriggled out of its embrace and flew up to the tip of its tail. There, spinning around it with some kind of comet, they soon noticed his flip and at that moment, pressing themself against the singular tail, flew out.

The singularity cat turned to Micro and tried to approach them again. But the space cat was one step ahead of her. they jumped into the plate, closing the dome. After that, strongly distorting and stretching space, Micro rushed away, crossing all kinds of fluctuations that could grab and hold them.

Skitty herself took Micro's antics lightly. After having some fun with them, she returned to her plasma cloud, but instead of finishing it off, she wrapped it around her waist in the form of an accretion skirt.

— What am I talking about? I'll have to figure this out after all. – Micro came to his senses.

Stopping at a sufficient distance from Skitty, Micro photographed her, again capturing data from the multi-sensor. Then they reactivated the telepipe engine of his flip and flew away.

Throughout the flight, Micro described his experience in detail, compiling and systematizing all the observations they had made during his rather unsuccessful encounter with this amazing singular cat.

He then proceeded to a more in-depth analysis, planning to share all his material with the representatives of civilization they would meet in the future.

II

Having finished them work, the space cat pulled up the locator volume in front of them and leaned back in his chair.

The closest system found by Micro was the Delta system – the ancient homeland of civilization and virtually all intelligent creatures, which is why they still retain some common features despite their differences, which, as Micro recently discovered, can sometimes be quite fantastic. At the same time, they are formed through the mutual transformation of the creatures themselves and their new environment.

After some time, when the distortion of space began to gradually subside following the pseudo-speed of the saucer, a spark appeared ahead, barely discernible in the darkness of space against the backdrop of other stars – the star Deltaspark.

Micro didn't have to think too much about navigation – advanced automation developed over decades guided the spacecraft along the most optimal path, based on its preferences and a multitude of input data. Of course, it was always possible to use manual control, with the help of a dualstick or dualpad, which, together with a feedback system in the form of a theremin and tactile feedback, allowed the flip to be guided intuitively, like one's own body, feeling the currents of space. But this system was used quite rarely.

The prepared material, in the form of files and publications, was placed by the space cat in a special cloud hub, which automatically transmits them to the nearest research and Internet stations.

During the development of network technologies, especially in the era of active space exploration, communication was organized in an interesting way – the vast majority of computing devices acted as repeaters,

simultaneously transmitting data from other devices. This ensured network coverage everywhere, even in space, where data was distributed along with flip telepipes penetrating space.

Information is transmitted in the form of signals wrapped and inscribed in the very curvature of space. Due to the simplicity of the waves and the small size of the curvature, information can be transmitted much faster, since there is no need to move the fragment of space itself. And the network of spacecraft essentially provides coverage for the entire cosmos.

Thus, a voluminous note, supplemented by various files of articles and applications, was transmitted to the Open Space Research Center server located on planet Δ-05. Appearing in the #newcomes section, it was automatically analyzed and assigned to #xeno, a thematic section for materials on xenobiology.

Center staff periodically review these records, thereby synchronizing their knowledge with the rest of the scientific community and sometimes finding something interesting for themselves or a different perspective on the same problem.

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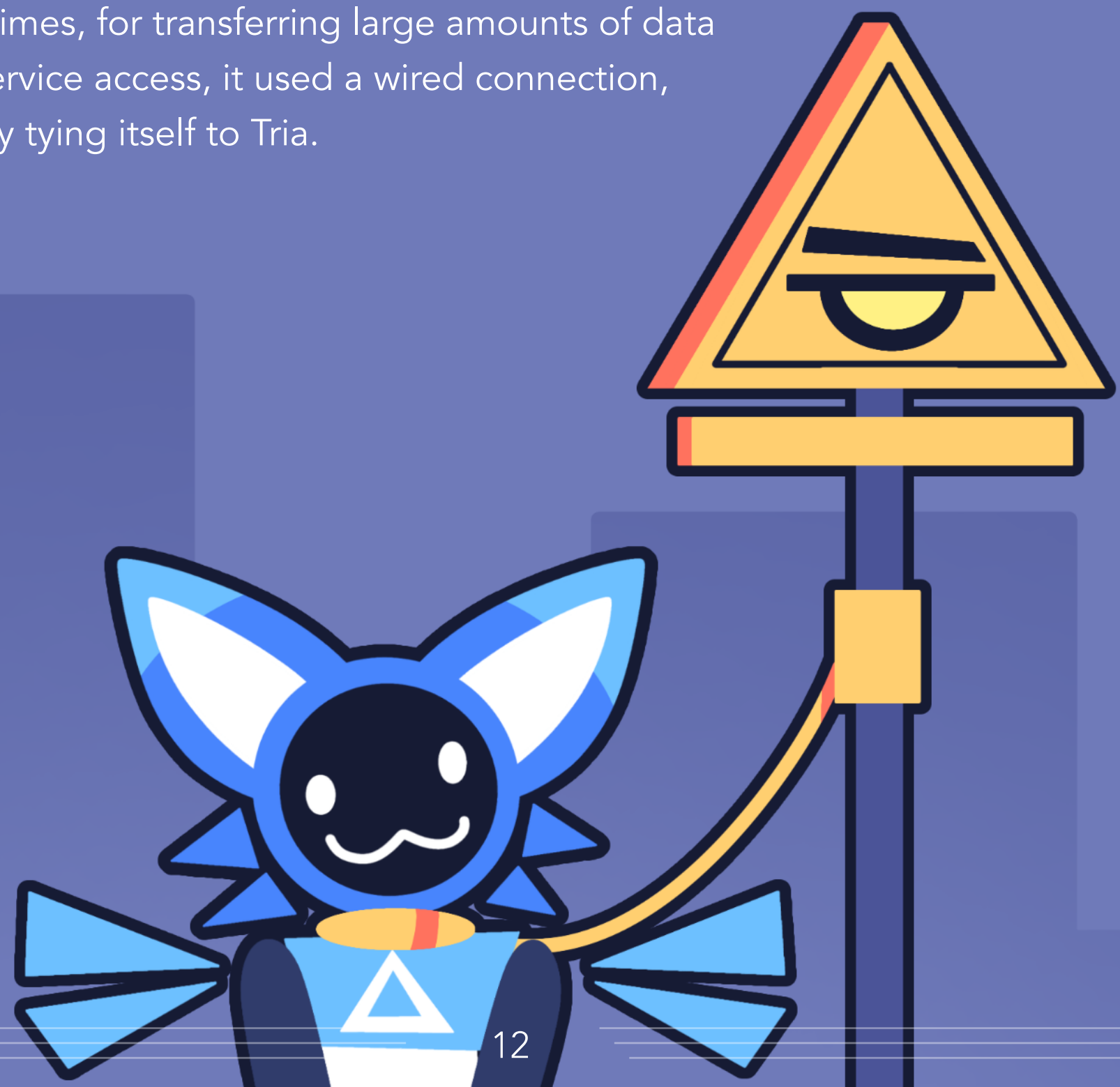
Tria, along with performing its other functions, also monitored this flow of information for anything that might interest Trix, its creator and sole owner.

Trix is an intelligent robot, a product of completely non-biological synthesis – it entire consciousness was represented in the form of an artificial neural network and formed on the basis of material from other neurons, organized into a coherent personality. During the creation process, it parents essentially assembled the available neural networks into a specific structure and obtained a finished, fully-formed personality,

which, nevertheless, could continue to develop independently at an increasingly higher level.

Initially, the robot was interested in materials science, but gradually, he became more and more interested in xenogeology, which eventually led it to another planet, where he became an active employee of the Center, settling into it niche at the intersection of sciences.

Tria, in turn, was created by Trix itself as a kind of universal and multifunctional device for working with data. Instead of connecting various software components specialized for specific tasks to its neural network, the robot copied part of its neural network to a separate device and transferred some of these components. To synchronize with its assistant, the robot used a wireless connection, and sometimes, for transferring large amounts of data and service access, it used a wired connection, literally tying itself to Tria.



To tell the truth, Trix has not yet decided on Tria's future. Perhaps he will one day make his assistant an independent entity… Or maybe something else… Or maybe he will leave everything as it is…

It would seem, what could be interesting about a new xenobiological form for a xenogeologist? But Tria noticed that very note about Skitty that had recently been posted on the server.

Meanwhile, Trix entertained itself by launching arcade games on itself, since another game jam had begun and game developers were once again striving to impress players, competitors, and the jury with their creations. The robot could afford to play a multiplayer game by simply dividing and combining several streams of his consciousness. Sometimes, however, arbitrarily.

At first, he did not pay much attention to the notification from Tria. How many of these come in?

— Strange, this is not my area of expertise at all… – thought the robot – Did I mix up the prefix -xeno?

Intrigued, Trix mentally requested a brief summary of the publication. It turned out that Tria was not mistaken. Indeed, it was an unusual form of life, but it was made of equally unusual material. And the resemblance to black holes, but with a number of properties atypical for these celestial bodies, could well interest it. Indeed, Trix would be working at the intersection of three sciences, including xenobiology… Why not?

After thinking about it for a while, the robot decided to discuss the topic with Xio, with whom he had not interacted much before. Xio itself was a leading xenobiologist who also lived at the Center station, near his offices and laboratories.

But he had to be found, which was not difficult. Trix requested a map of the campus and, taking Tria with it, headed to a place he had almost never been before…

III

The Center building was a structure consisting of several vertically arranged tiers that smoothly overlapped each other. The facades, made of white fiber cement, with floor-to-ceiling windows, offered a view of the spaces running along them, with walls barely visible in the distance. The fluid yet simple curves smoothly and rapidly transitioned into the straight lines of the inter-floor slabs, which horizontally divided the structure. The lighting, in the form of continuous strips of light on the ceiling that flowed into the walls, softly and evenly illuminated the entire building, which stood out against the backdrop of dark gray-brown mountains and mixed rocks, yet blended harmoniously into the surrounding landscape. Built on a plateau, the Center's campus became its bright and integral continuation.

The robot crossed the half-empty open space on the travelator, then turned behind the wall and entered a spacious hall. There, he approached two solid dark matte magnetic elevator doors located in a niche formed by a smooth curve in the wall. After calling the elevator and mentally transmitting the desired address via wireless communication, Trix flew somewhere deep into the campus.

Less than a minute later, he emerged at the bottom of a spiral staircase that wound through the floor and surrounding walls. The robot climbed a few flights, but when he saw that the whirlpool opened onto a passageway at the top, he turned back. In addition, his sensors registered humidity slightly above normal at the bottom. Guided by the increase in this parameter, it turned into several corners and found itself in what appeared to be Xio's office.

The office itself consisted of two rooms nested inside each other, separated by a partition, the smooth curve of which opened into a

transparent door-window that repeated its shape. Glancing around the outer office and finding no one there, Trix left Tria there and went into the inner office itmself. Here, almost the entire floor space was occupied by a pool, which made the interior space a combination of two equal volumes — underwater and above water. All of this was softly lit from somewhere behind the recesses around the perimeter of the floor and ceiling panels. The sections into which the surrounding walls were divided were apparently used to store various items and equipment. Some of them were extended and open.

Walking around among the couches, ottomans, and some kind of pedestals, Trix soon sat down on one of them and turned toward the pool.

— No one…

But upon closer inspection, the robot saw Xio. He was peacefully dozing at the bottom on a white underwater mattress.

— It’s not worth going into the water after him. Maybe there's another way?

After walking around and examining the entire office again, Trix noticed a strange device in the form of two square plates lying on top of each other, the upper one of which was transparent. In fact, it was a nanite platform — an advanced solution for automating various actions, mainly related to manipulating objects in space… For example, for transportation.

The robot easily connected to the platform – thanks to long-established universal protocols for identification and connection to various devices. One of the functional sections was extended and resembled a mini-bar for drinks — a massive stand with a row of mixer taps pointing vertically downwards with their straight spouts, under one of which stood a large

metal bucket. To conduct biological experiments, it was necessary to create all kinds of environments and mixtures, which required considerable amounts of various liquids.

But now biology did not particularly interest the robot. The nanite plate soared into the air and flew toward the bucket. Taking the form of a translucent ring, it enveloped the container, tilted it slightly to the side, and carefully removed it from under the tap, lifting it to a small height next to the biobar.

Without thinking twice, Trix directed the bucket into the pool. It scooped up some water and sank to the bottom. Everything fell silent, except for the ripples spreading out from the point of impact, lapping at the edges.

But almost immediately, a loud thud was heard from the depths of the water, and after a very short time, the bucket flew out of the pool, raising a column of spray, and hung in the air. And sitting in it was the xenobiologist himself – a cute green axolotl. And he was, to put it mildly, in complete confusion…

Once again assessing the effectiveness and prospects of the nanites, Trix carefully placed the bucket on the floor and returned the nanites to their original position. He explained the purpose of his visit to Xio, who had climbed out, in detail, with all the calculations. The axolotl looked at the robot in confusion, then gestured for it to follow him.

They went out to the outer office, sat down on the sofa by the coffee table standing nearby, and began to carefully examine all the materials prepared by Micro.

— Of course, I haven't done anything like this before, but I find the topic interesting. – said Trix and opened the publication on Xio's tablet.

Axolotl carefully reviewed the materials, while the robot simply watched him with curiosity. Finally, Xio finished his review and spoke:

— I'm more interested in how a living organism can consist of antimatter. What is presented here is mainly calculations of mass, and even those are strange because of the accepted variability of sizes. I understand that Micro themself, their body consists of quite ordinary biological and synthetic substances.

— What can you say about Mu and other creatures from absurd and digital universes?

— Yes, these are exotic forms of matter, but they are not the same substance as in black holes. They have similar properties, but they are not the same.

However, the robot stated that Micro's analysis of the biological processes of singular beings could still be useful, even if the cosmic cat really reduces Skitty to some kind of exotic black hole. This material is somehow related to the object of study, and understanding this connection will help in further research.

— No, by trying to define and even explain its biology, he simply declares the unusual nature of the phenomenon itself and continues to derive everything from antimatter, actually ignoring any 'inexplicable' moments. Take the same example with radiation, which should be there, but isn't. – continued Xio.

— Yes, it was the right decision to catch you… – remarked Trix. In response to the jab, Xio just stuck out his tongue.

— I'll try to figure this out after I sleep. Undoubtedly, the topic is intriguing. It really deserves attention. If something exists, then there is an explanation for it. And perhaps a very interesting one. – After thinking for a moment, the axolotl concluded.

Thus, quite unexpectedly, a new connection was established between the two specialists, as connections are established between different fields of knowledge, giving rise to new directions of thought. And the further they went, the more Xio, along with Trix and Tria, paid attention to the topic of singular life forms, until they were finally drawn into it. Fortunately, like everyone else, they were able to plan their work flexibly, especially since the topic that had captured their attention was quite compatible with their areas of activity.

During his experiment, Micro determined that Skitty was an intelligent creature, clearly spawned by the Delta civilization, as it had an anthropomorphic cat-like profile (and in general had much in common with them, Micro's space cats), possessing a number of properties of

black holes – space curvature, accretion disks, and the absorption of stars in the form of a plasma cloud.

In their work, Xio and Trix rejected Micro's assumption about dark matter and the resulting mass calculations based on observations of variable sizes. They also rejected the assumption that biological processes in it are based on the gravitational collapse of matter and some kind of radiation.

As a result, they managed to identify a set of principles that could indeed underlie Skitty's biology, and even prepare approximate tissue configurations that could make up the organism of a singular cat.

But despite all their research and the total amount of knowledge in xenobiology and materials science, the lack of experimental data became increasingly apparent to them. They both came to the conclusion that Micro's work was mostly a spontaneous doodle. It was a necessary stage of cognition, but obviously, they needed to move on.

Realizing all this, the specialists, at first somewhat involuntarily, became convinced of the necessity of practice, without which any theory turns into metaphysical empty talk detached from life.

It was necessary to meet Skitty, capture this “being in itself” for themselves, establish contact with her, and carefully examine her from different angles.

Nevertheless, in the course of the joint work of the axolotl, the robot, and his assistant, various short posts and even larger publications inevitably appeared. Some of them went beyond the Center and, processed by algorithms, spread through the information flow of social networks, influencing public opinion.

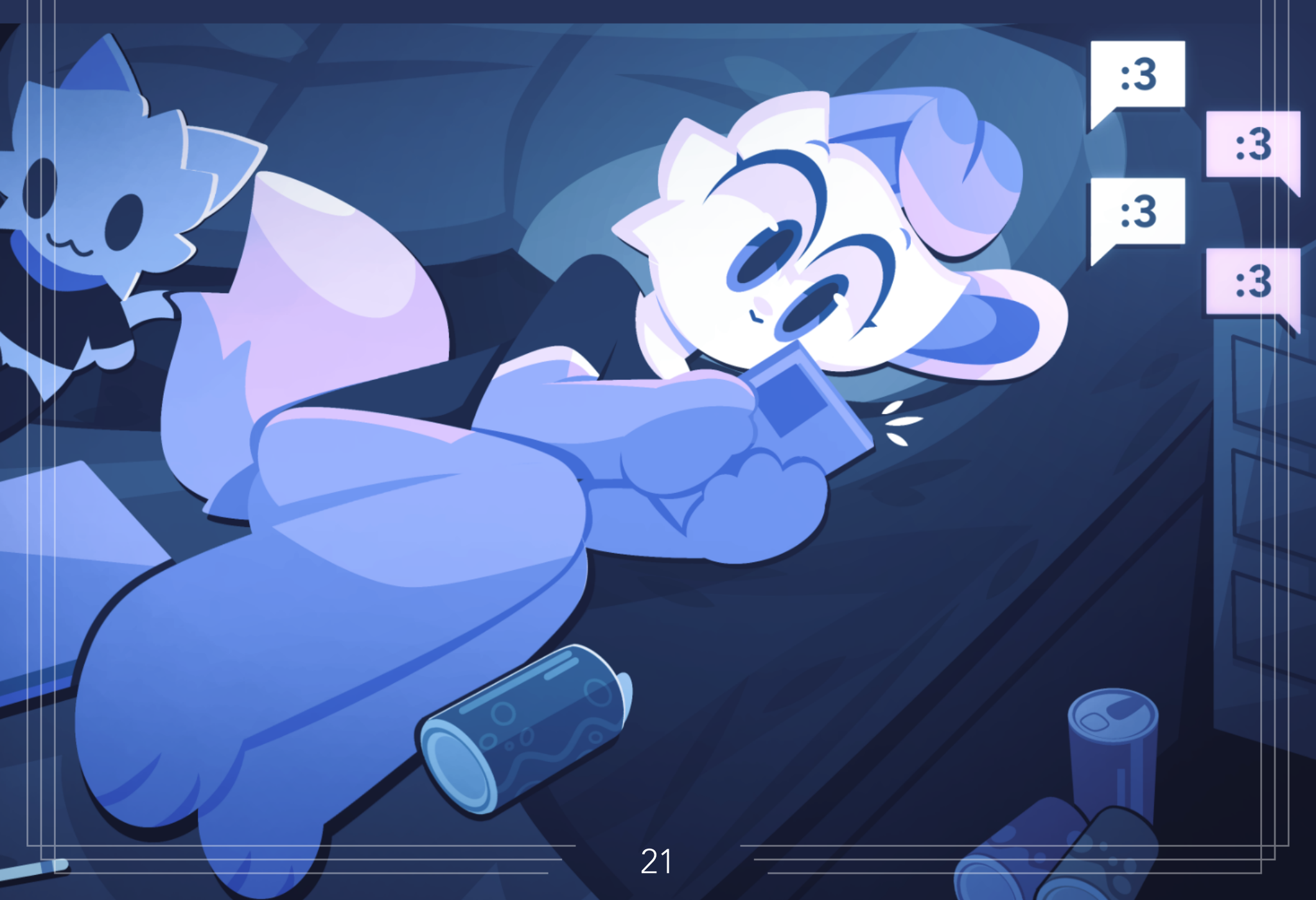
And as it turned out, with somewhat unexpected results…

IV

After fruitful organizational work on current art projects, Artibun allowed herself to take a break by changing her activities.

Throwing away another empty soda can and putting her work laptop aside, she began aimlessly scrolling through her feed, where Fluere SocIde dumped all the information that might be of interest to her, feeding her mind and prepared to the highest standards based on her activities and preferences.

However, sometimes Arti responded to messages from her friends and colleagues, and a light conversation ensued, so light that it often boiled down to a simple exchange of emotions and exclamations.



Bedrotting, in our time, is quite consistent with useful and productive work, and is almost the main format of work. But even such work can be tiring. Arti, reflecting on recent events in her creative activity, said thoughtfully:

— To tell you the truth, I think it's time for me to take a break from drawing.

She wanted to write about it on her page, but continued to lazily scroll through her feed.

Her gaze fell on one post… Some kind of incomprehensible creature from the depths of space, barely discernible against the backdrop of emptiness, was sucking in the accretion disk of a star as if it were spaghetti. Another image showed the creature standing in the center of a plasma cloud, spinning around itself. The post itself was made by the Space Research Center located on planet Δ05. The accompanying text described the creature as Signular Kitty or Skitty. And indeed, in all its behavior, the cat resembled a black hole that spins and pulls matter into itself, distorting the spatial metric. Both the tone of the publication and the comments on it made it easy to notice the obvious concern about what was happening.

— Interesting. – Arti thought.

She didn't notice how the potential for a new creative idea was already forming in her creative subconscious. But then Articat came into the bedroom, threw the empty cans off the blanket, and sat down next to her.

— What are you doing? – he asked.

— Just…

— Just what?

— You know, I feel a certain contradiction…

And Arti shared with the cat her thoughts about creativity, about the fickleness of inspiration. She also shared her dreams of reaching new heights in art. To all this, Articat remarked that every artist has limited potential, beyond which mediocrity begins. And fatigue, according to him, is one of the signs that an artist has run out of ideas. But if only the cat knew that fatigue can come from many different reasons…

— An artist must find something new for themselves. And develop it with all their might. – the bunny declared resolutely.

— But what about potential and ideas, the ability to act?

— It came from somewhere, so it can be replenished, right? You also took a break from creativity when your strength ran out.

— But I was busy with the cloning process when you were created… – Articat said slowly.

— You were depressed before cloning, you were very tired. But you came back and started developing new games with redoubled zeal. And I became your continuation, but better in graphics. In which you were not so advanced.

Articat remained silent; he was also somewhat tired today, especially from talking to Artibun, who was so dear to his heart.

— I needed to rest. But I found something that refreshed me, revived my passion for work.

The conversation then turned to Skitty. Artibun found the new cosmic creation interesting, even attractive.

She was not particularly concerned about the potential threat from this cute, fluffy black hole, despite Articat's statements:

— It exists separately, deep in space, but it has an impact on us. Globally. Ultimately, we may all find ourselves changed and subjugated by her, spaghetti, twisted by her unpredictable will.

But Arti disagreed:

— She’s so cute… a little kitty. I don't see anything wrong with her behavior. It doesn't depend on singularity.

However, Articat was not particularly reassured by this answer. He still felt a kind of paranoid fear. And what could this cat, with its unusual, if not strange and chthonic nature, possibly do?

In the end, the cat decided to read something about black holes… But sleep finally overtook them both.

Their consciousnesses seemed to sink somewhere deep inside. And while Articat dreamed of nothing but eternal peace, Artibun's dream turned out to be quite entertaining…

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Arti dreamed that she was walking down a street in her hometown.

Gradually, the skyscrapers surrounding her became smaller, and she felt an extraordinary lightness.

Floating like a cloud, she looked fondly at the world around her, caressing the architectural creations – these monuments of the joint labor of the entire society, which gazed at Arti with undisguised surprise and excitement.

But they had nothing to fear. Arti never wanted to hurt anyone. Her thoughts turned to all those she loved and to whom she wanted to give happiness, nourished by the certainty that love would triumph and rule the universe.

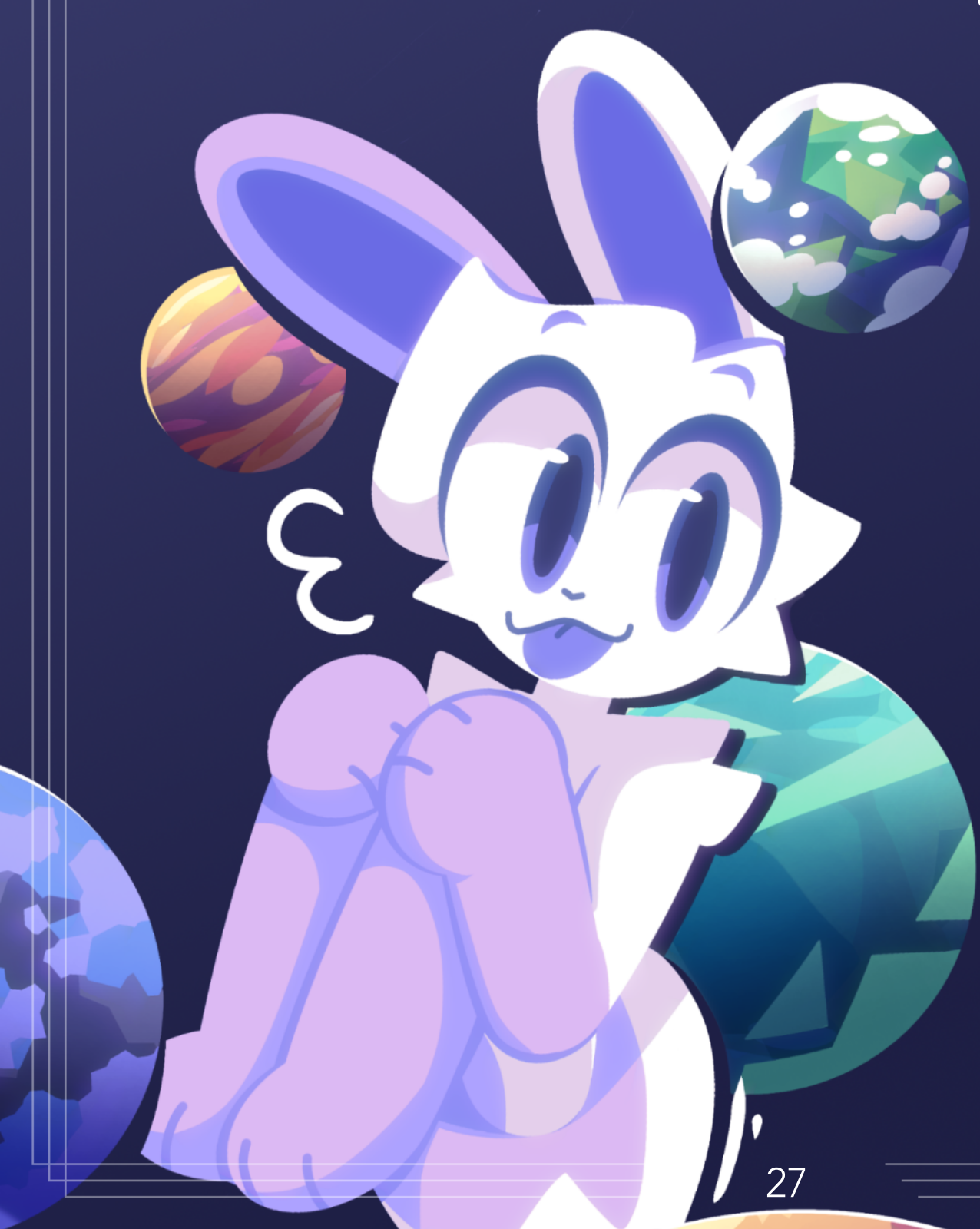
She felt her body becoming lighter and airier, the ground slipping away from under her feet, as she floated above the world and gently wrapped it in her arms.

— I think now as I did before. Just as trials did not pass me by before, so they will not pass me by now; my path remains the same. Just as I hated evil before, so I hate it now.

As before, I wholeheartedly strive for a world without injustice, crime, and excess. A world without oppression, war, and enmity… I would like to embrace all of society, the entire universe, with my love, to warm it and cleanse it of the filth of modern life… These thoughts ran through her relaxed mind.

The bunny hugged and pressed herself against the world. She felt the warmest and most sincere feelings for everything intelligent and creative, cleansing it with her white fur…

Arti relaxed and, spreading her paws, released the world from her embrace. She moved away smoothly and grew until she found herself surrounded by a multitude of planets, their flight and relief forms captivating her attention.



The countless celestial bodies grew fewer and fewer, turning into grains of stardust in the vortex in which she was flying. Gradually, the vortexes formed into a whole galaxy, whose disk smoothly dissolved into the depths of space. With enthusiastic fascination, she gazed at this galaxy, at this endless movement and change, embracing it with her paws.

Gradually, everything surrounding Arti's consciousness blurred, became indistinct, and lost its contours. She was an essence composed of thin stellar lines (fyber) and looking somewhere into the future. But soon, even this form of existence faded away, dissipating into the depths of consciousness, into the waves of thoughts that washed over her.

A conscious dream is the most relaxed state in which the racing thoughts of consciousness change and process themselves in order to form a healthy consciousness the next morning. Even if the dream was absurd.

Usually, dreams are forgotten. But not in this case…

V

Arti woke up. She was acutely aware of her desire to fly into space. She wanted to meet singularity and embrace it.

The morning light filtered through the sheer curtains, falling on her fresh and rested face. Articat had already woken up and gone to have breakfast. Sighing, Arti threw off the blanket, grabbed her smartphone, and started searching for information about Skitty. On Fluerre Socide, she only found reposts of the original post where the singular cat was first mentioned.

The comments on the post expressed a wide variety of opinions. Some were touched. Some asked questions about Skitty's nature. Some comments reflected concerns about the capabilities of this singular furry creature, and quite seriously so — the authors were clearly confused by Skitty's antisocial behavior. Allegedly, this cat, capable of commanding outer space with extraordinary ease, would simply distort and transform the universe, ignoring any intelligent beings over whom it also has unlimited power. Others postulated the inevitability of a great antagonism, truly the last of its kind, as a result of which the trans-beings would be eliminated, destroying the framework of social interaction in the creation of their individually connected multiverses.

Arti, however, did not share this skepticism and did not even read the posts, which seemed to her overly complicated and detached from life.

However, there were no responses from the scientists themselves, the authors of the original publication, which clearly indicated its synthesis and automatic distribution on social media. Arti paid attention to the account from which this post was published. It belonged to the Space Research Center. There she found a link to their congress server. After connecting and selecting the “Guest” setting, she found herself in a place

with an incredible number of topics, sections, forums, channels, and discussions. The icon next to her profile indicated a “space” connection, and its color — ranging from white to blue — indicated remoteness and, accordingly, a certain network lag. Naturally, since the server is located on another planet!

After skimming through the items and becoming completely confused, Arti scrolled to the top of the list, where the priority sections were grouped, in her case, the sections for guests. After thinking for a moment, Arti decided to simply write in the Small Talk Lounge:

— Skitty is so cute… I want to pet the kitty :3

Unexpectedly, someone responded to her silly post:

— You can turn into spaghetti.

A little later, another person replied:

— She'll suck you in.

— Who posted this about Skitty? – Arti asked.

— The post is an automatic reprint. Or are you interested in scientists?

— Yes, yes! Bring them to me!

— Use the Auto Refs materials selection bot.

Arti formed a query several times and sent it to the bot, trying to find scientists. Each time, she received a detailed response in the form of a list of references. Not particularly bothered by the flood of posts in the thread, which was not the case for the other participants in the discussion, she finally found several recent manuscripts dedicated specifically to Skitty, authored by Trix and Xio, and without hesitation, she pinged them.

Xio was the first to respond:

— No, guys. Even though Skitty is the embodiment of a black hole, some parts of it are actually safe to touch if we're really careful about it.

He then backed up his words with a diagram, apparently taken from one of those recent works:

— But there is a certain probability – added the axolotl.

— Sounds fun, I would definitely want to be spaghettified… – replied Arti.

— NOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

A little later, Trix joined the conversation:

— Safe areas can be identified by their spectrum. But even “hopefully not” raises doubts. Compare, for example, the “safe” tail and paws, they are different colors. Or the eyes, mouth, and body, they are already dangerous. It is necessary to check in practice, to conduct additional research.

— So, you want to meet her?! – Arti perked up.

— Yes. You too, I suppose? – Xio asked in response.

— I don't see anything wrong with that. But damn it, I'm perfectly fine with being horribly spaghettied by a cute kitten! – Arti declared.

Although the scientists found this sincere impulse of the artist somewhat deranged, they calmly and somewhat formally explained to Arti that research should be approached more thoroughly.

In turn, Arti noted that emotional consciousness is a necessary part of life that should complement one's relationship with reality, since emotions are also its reflection in consciousness. And by showing empathy and finding an emotional connection, she draws conclusions about Skitty, seeing her as completely harmless and cute.

Without receiving a response and keeping the manuscripts, which she still did not understand, Arti finally went to breakfast.

However, during breakfast, she received a notification from Tria. Trix's assistant wrote to her in a direct messages:

Arti, we appreciate your commitment to the ideas of discovering new forms of conscious life. In principle, we are ready to accept your participation.

We are attaching materials that you will need to review, which also outline the necessary procedures. Of course, you can decline. But if you confirm your intention to participate in the study, please plan for this week.

Without reading the attachments, Arti immediately replied, involuntarily saying her answer out loud:

— Yes. I will participate. I will do my best!

Meanwhile, Articat, who was sitting on the windowsill and looking out the window, turned around.

— What are you going to participate in, Bunbun? – he asked.

◆ ◆ ◆

Nowadays, space travel is not particularly difficult or unattainable. All the necessary technology has long been perfected. Travel, and not only in space, is possible through simple space warping. In fact, space is one of many areas of activity available on a par with other hobbies. There is no question of where to go or how to survive – there is only the need to realize one's potential in the best possible way. For some, this means exploring space. But for most, it is something else entirely.

After analyzing their work, Trix and Xio decided that Arti's possible participation in the upcoming experiment would indeed make sense. On the one paw, they could use an extra pair of paws, and on the other, a fresh influx of ideas. In addition, Arti's high empathy could indeed help establish rational and emotional contact with this singular being. This would be the first step in establishing and building relationships, which would ultimately eliminate misunderstandings and the mistakes they cause, including those that could have fatal consequences.

Articat argued with Artibun for quite a long time about her adventure with flying into the fluffy singularity, suggesting perhaps some other forms of self-realization. Responding to his concerns, Arti tried to smooth over the discussion a little and even seemed to agree to “think about it.” But her dreamy expression made it clear that her mind was made up. Articat stopped pestering the bunny with his skepticism, secretly hoping that everything would work out and that Art would find another hobby.

VI

Deciding not to put it off, Arti took her tablet and went down to one of the common areas that occupied the entire two lower floors of the building where she lived with Articat.

The walls, finished with vertical panels of dark wood, transitioned into monumental square columns, seemingly dividing the transparent plane into large square windows, the same as in the apartments. The combination of natural light and the matte darkness of the finish created an impression of something fresh and open, but at the same time solid, cozy, even secluded. Arti sat down on one of the white sofas near the corner window under the canopy of palm branches and, leaning back on the cushions, began to carefully study the files sent to her.

So, to begin with, the bunny needed to undergo a standard examination and recovery procedure, after which she would update her biological profile. Next, she would need to compare it with the recommended template, select and apply the necessary corrections to her body, and her bio-profile would be automatically updated.

All this could be done with the help of a transgenerator, a multifunctional device for restructuring and modernizing the body. The recommended template itself, like other information, could be obtained using a special Space Consierge bot provided by the Center's server by writing to it in private messages. The bot was also needed to perform the other necessary procedures.

Artibun jumped off the sofa and ran out into the elevator hall. Going down, she found herself in a spacious room lit by cold light and decorated with polished white marble. The walls of the hall were covered with gray, square tiles with a wavy surface. The ceiling was broken up by an array of round spotlights.

Passing through the hall, Arti approached a marble counter with a row of terminal screens above it and requested access. Since no one was undergoing biological procedures at the moment, she was granted access, after which the glass door on the right automatically opened inward.

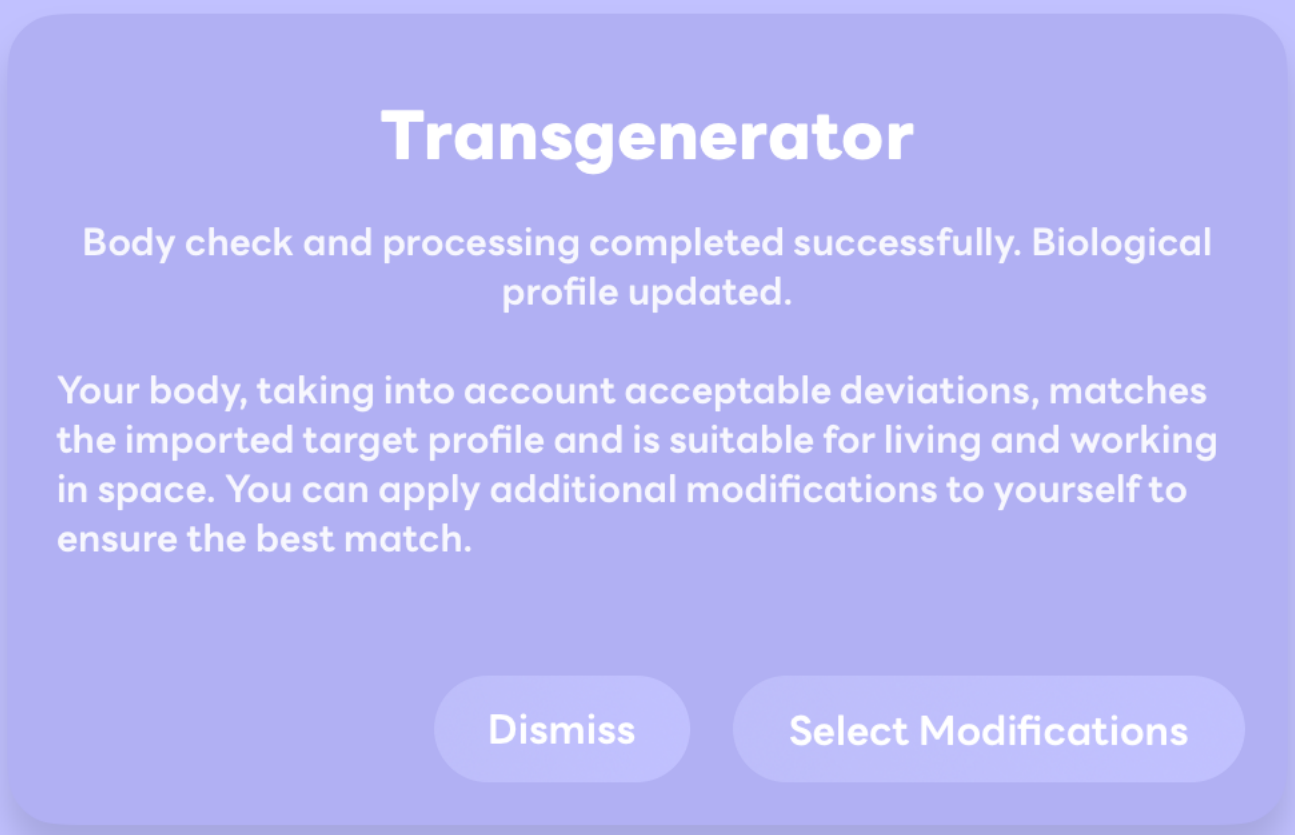
Arti stepped into a similarly decorated lobby. Along the perimeter of the walls was an array of identical frosted white glass doors, one of which was lit. As soon as Arti approached this door, it silently slid aside, revealing a small room with a soft white pouf upholstered in some kind of glossy fabric, a table, and a mirror. A little further away was the transgenerator control panel niche, covered by a transparent panel. As soon as Arti entered, the door closed silently behind her. At the back of the room, on the wall opposite the entrance, she saw the round outline of another interior door.

After requesting the target profile and a ready-made task for the transgenerator from Space Consierge, she transferred it to her biological MFD by simply holding the tablet up to the control panel without even opening it. Arti then took off her clothes and folded them on a pouf, then approached the bed that had slid out of the wall. She settled comfortably into it, laid her head on the pillow, tucking her ears under it, closed her eyes dreamily, and folded her paws on her fluffy chest. A few seconds later, she was pulled into the transgenerator.

To be honest, undergoing this kind of procedure is always a pleasure – it is both a relaxing rest and the highest degree of healing. Arti felt her whole body being gently enveloped by warm, moist steam, how it ran over her in waves and swirls, how it pleasantly tickled all her sensitive and intimate places, how soft manipulators hugged and massaged every part of her body. Arti was no longer thinking about anything. She breathed in

the clean, warm air with its strange, bright, but pleasant aromas. She became one with the sensation and fell asleep without noticing.

Arti didn't notice how she floated back into the room. But feeling a slight awakening vibration at the head of the bed, she opened her eyes and saw a spatial window in front of her.



Arti didn't want to bother with transforming her body, reasonably deciding that it wasn't particularly necessary for a solo flight. Besides, she had already enjoyed the bio-procedure to the fullest. It was time to move on. Arti sat down on a pouf and put on a skirt, but then remembered something, jumped up to the table where her tablet was lying, picked it up, and brought it back to the control panel to load the output data from the bio-procedure. Once dressed, Arti went out into the hall and sat down on one of the gray sofas.

The next stage of preparation for the flight was an interview. In fact, it was nothing complicated – she just had to briefly describe herself and her planned activities at the Center. Arti wrote the following:

I am Arti, a blurple bun – a well-known artist, fashion designer, and creator of experimental music. I am actively involved in organizing various cultural events, sometimes with the help of some of my friends – Neelo and Yolk, as well as my brother Articat. I accidentally stumbled upon a very cute singular cat. And I would like to get to know her :3
Maybe we won't become friends, but we will definitely exchange knowledge and ideas. My participation will also greatly help my colleagues in their scientific work. They are also interested in Skitty, though in a scientific way...|

In addition to the description, it was also necessary to attach a letter of recommendation. At first, Arti didn't understand where to get it and even considered generating one using AI, which was a common practice in the scientific community, or skipping this step altogether. But then she realized that the personal message with the procedure description file was the letter of recommendation.

All of this, along with her biological profile and the transgenerator output, had to be sent to Space Concierge, which Arti did. After making sure that the bot had accepted the necessary data, she got up and went up to her apartment.

Sinking into the soft, pale green armchair opposite the bed and placing a pouf under her hind legs, she continued her usual artistic work… Arti finished several paintings for the Daily Art section and published one of them, then created a new folder called “Singularity”.

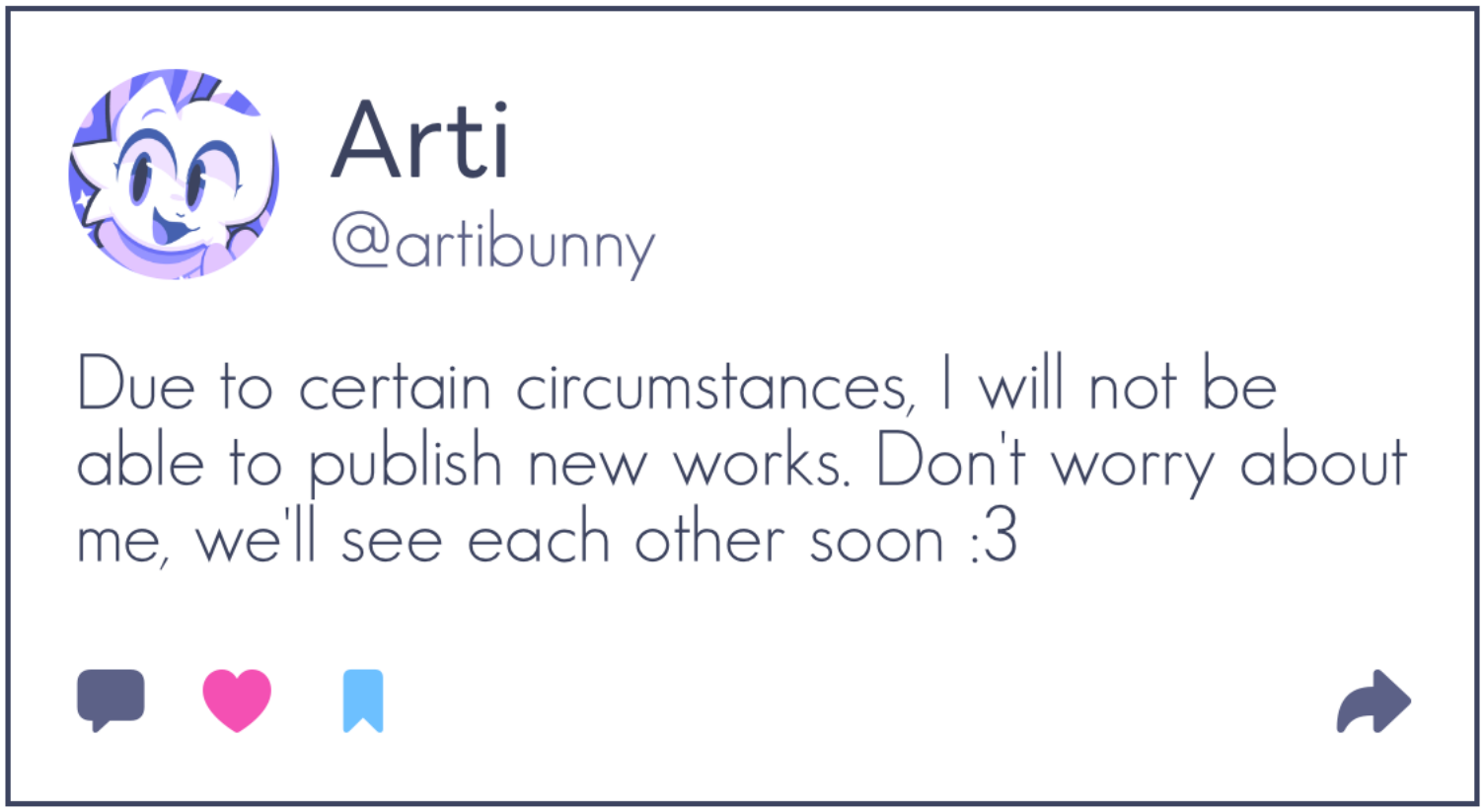
The bunny then switched to FS. She lazily scrolled through her feed and saved posts that interested her, making sketches.

Towards nightfall, Arti received a message from Space Concierge:

> Greetings, Arti. You have been successfully registered and accepted to participate in the Open Space Research Center project as a research assistant, as part of a group of researchers from Xio, Trix, and Tria, to study a new form of space life.

This was followed by a short question: would she fly herself or would she need a transfer? Arti decided not to take anything extra with her, including the flip, which Articat might still need in her absence, so she chose the second option. She then indicated a convenient time for her – the flight would take place tomorrow morning.

Pleased with how easy it was, she made a public statement on FS:



Her subscribers reacted to this with quite expected understanding. Indeed, Arti had always been active and enthusiastic in her work, and rarely took such breaks. So she really did need a rest. If only they knew what had actually caused this hiatus… What panic might have gripped them… But Artibun, with her characteristic introversion, tactfully did not reveal the reasons.

VII

That night, Arti didn't dream at all. Her consciousness simply fell into a deep, dreamless sleep, and just as easily emerged from it.

So, the next day, Arti woke up very early. Despite having slept very little, Arti, to her surprise, did not feel sleep deprived. On the contrary, she was alert and ready for action. Her body seemed to have tuned itself to the right time and awakened.

After lying there for a while longer, until her eyes adjusted to the darkness, Arti carefully climbed out from under the covers so as not to wake the cat lying next to her and silently jumped out of bed.

Arti slipped quietly from the master bedroom into the dressing room.

What do I need anyway? The bare minimum. A smartphone, of course. A mini tablet with a stylus. And something to make me look pretty. They'll probably give me everything else. But I'll take some water just in case, the bunny thought, looking at her clothes, haphazardly stuffed into numerous closets.

What should I wear… Maybe a star-patterned sweater? We're flying into space, after all. Or maybe that pink dress, it's even visible in the dark.

After rummaging around for about ten minutes, Arti finally put together an outfit consisting of her light lilac sweatshirt, dark gray skirt, and purple T-shirt with a heart on it. In the end, she settled on her usual outfit. Really, why bother?

The dressing room led directly to the bathroom, where Arti took her makeup bag and some toiletries, putting them in a toiletry bag. Then she remembered that she had forgotten to take her smartphone.

Turning off the light and returning to the bedroom, she took a few awkward steps toward the bedside table and accidentally knocked over one of the tin cans standing on the floor.

There was a loud crash, and Arti turned around in fright. At that moment, the light came on. She felt something knock her off her feet and fall on top of her… purring quite contentedly…

— Don't leave me… I love you so much… – she heard the familiar meow.

— What are you talking about, Kiki? Is this the last time we'll see each other?

— You said you'd think about it…

— Don't worry, nothing will happen to me. I know it. – Arti replied bluntly.

Pushing the cat off her, Arti got up and finally picked up the phone from the table, then headed for the dressing room. After washing and changing, she slung her bag over her shoulder and returned to the bedroom. Kiki was sitting on the bed, showing his love and affection for Bunbun with his whole demeanor. Arti just gave him a cheeky look and went out into the hallway.

Walking from the lobby straight onto Citrus Avenue, Arti approached the stop where the flippers arrived, allowing her to travel across the planet, across the cosmos, like data on high-speed buses. The stop was a convenient place to call your flying saucer, which was usually stored in a special terminal. In large cities, terminals are tall, narrow buildings, often freestanding, with distinctive vertical entrances, from the stylobate almost to the very top, through which many flips fly.

There was almost no one on the street. Against the absolutely clear grayish-lilac sky, illuminated by the soft light of the rising deltaspark, the stepped and solid forms of the city's many skyscrapers rapidly receded, their flat edges and glasswork playing with the light.

Arti even sat down on the sidewalk so she could see as soon as possible the shuttle that was surely flying behind her.

A short time passed when she saw one of the many lines periodically piercing the sky, like shooting stars, merge into a single white dot and begin to descend.

The flip landed right where Arti was sitting. Its glossy white saucer, with a barely noticeable cream tint, encircled by thin chrome lines, had an interesting shape – starting from a round, pronounced base, it transitioned hyperbolically to the edges, creating an impression of elegance and, at the same time, the solidity of the entire structure. Overall, the shape and details of this flip were extremely simple and concise, but they gave it a unique charm.

The nanite dome disappeared, and the large-mesh chrome structure resembling a radiator unfolded into a staircase, inviting the bunny to step aboard.

Climbing up, Arti descended into a surprisingly spacious interior, finished in blue suede with four deep armchair-style seats. The space between the seats was occupied by cabinets running along the walls, except for the side Arti had entered, which was a wide stepped ramp.

The circular space in the center was empty, but the outlines of a hatch and some niches covered by panels were visible on the floor. It was obvious that the shuttle could be used for a variety of purposes, including the transportation of various complex equipment, which could be mounted directly in the center of the flip using connectors.

As soon as Arti settled into her seat, a spatial window appeared in front of her:

Transfer

Welcome, Arti!

The transfer will take you to the campus of the Open Space Research Center. The journey will take 5 hours and 52 minutes.

If you are ready, confirm the start of the flight. Otherwise, please remember to indicate the reasons for your refusal.

Cancel | Info | Start Flight

Naturally, Arti chose the last option and tapped on it. The window disappeared. The nanites gathered again into a single dome. After that, the flip began to smoothly and rapidly gain altitude. Soaring high above the city and describing an exponent, it finally stretched out into a line crossing the sky and disappeared into the distance.

From Arti's perspective, comfortably seated in her chair, everything looked a little different. The space surrounding the flip stretched out, lost its contours, and merged into a single continuous lilac background, which quickly faded when the flip left the atmosphere of Alterra. The internal lighting in the form of strips of light around the perimeter of the saucer turned on, flooding the entire cabin with soft white light.

The gravity here was also created by the curvature of space caused by the teleport engine, similar to the distortion of space for the movement of the flip itself. It was quite weak, as a greater force gradient with a small dish size would lead to instability and destruction of the vehicle.

The flip moves, breaking the space of its path into virtual segments. Each such segment has its own parameters of spatial metric distortion. The larger the sector, the lower the positioning accuracy of the flip, but the higher the pseudo-speed of the space fragment containing the flip. It follows that the closer to the beginning or end of the path, the smaller the segments. When flying within a planet, the maximum segment size is smaller than in interplanetary space, so it takes longer to cover the same distance. The size of the segments increases and decreases exponentially between the starting and ending points.

The flip initializes the path, after which, in flight, it dynamically updates its state based on monitoring metric distortions and its pseudorapidity. In fact, the possible speed of the flip depends on the computing power of its control system.

The distortion of space is achieved by manipulating electrons – strings vibrating in certain modes. By exposing such a localized string to an electromagnetic field, we change its mode and, accordingly, the local configuration of the field. An electron is associated with a specific point in space, but is limited by geometric space, and the effects of curvature depend on the configuration of particles available in that space.

If we control not only electrons, but also free string configurations that are not tied to geometry, that is, connections and interactions as a whole, then we reach a new level – strings can connect different spaces, topologically different areas of a multidimensional continuum. It is possible to consciously change local metrics in non-geometric spaces – topological, causal, mental, and so on. And it is precisely the infinitely variable properties of all these metrics – connections and interactions – that define the universe and all the worlds within it, be it Deltadim, Digirel, or Hizen.

Arti sat in her chair and gazed dreamily upward, into the impenetrable emptiness of space, her paws resting on the wooden armrests. A rumbling in her stomach brought her back to reality.

— Can I wait? Although… no. No. There's nothing else to do anyway, so I might as well have a snack. Maybe there won't be time for that later. – she reasoned.

Arti looked around, then found the button on the armrest and pressed it. A menu of circles appeared in front of the bunny, among which she found one with a picture of a glass and a fork. Arti was right – a menu of available dishes appeared in front of her, where she chose noodles with cheese sauce. The heated container did not take long to appear and appeared on the table along with the cutlery, to the right of Arti. Next, she was asked to choose a drink. Soon, silver glasses filled with orange juice appeared on the left armrest.

After breakfast, Arti took out her smartphone and, out of habit, opened the FS app, but almost immediately had to close it. The fact is that superluminal communication, like flip flight, is based on its own version of metric control – data is transmitted in the form of spatial distortions themselves. Naturally, sending and receiving incoming traffic requires special synchronization of the spatial engine and transmitters. This was entirely possible, but Arti did not dare to perform such manipulations on the transfer provided to her. The flip only transmitted service information about its status, which was sufficient.

Arti opened the gallery and scrolled through some old, unfinished works. Then she switched to the drawing app. Before starting to create the first full-fledged painting in the new series dedicated to fluffy singularity, she made several sketches at home. Now she was interested in experimenting with some brushes and effects, sketching a few backgrounds, so to speak, to get a feel for space, to get into the swing of things. Since almost nothing could be seen outside the dome – the flip seemed to hang motionless in an endless void – Arti relied more on her imagination.

The hours of flight passed unnoticed, especially considering Boonboon's love of getting lost in her thoughts and dreams. The surrounding space was shrouded in the fog of the discharged atmosphere of one of the farthest planets in the Delta system. It was already possible to see, albeit blurred and distorted, its amazing landscapes, which were in fact piles of mountains, mixed folds, merging into infinitely deep chasms. Somewhere, glaciers and landslides were visible, fields of broken rocks sunk into the rock. But there was no longer any geological activity here. Everything around them formed a kind of frozen scene, an echo of the final chord of that grandiose geological upheaval when Δ-05, at the dawn of its existence, was split into pieces that later gathered and merged together.

Unexpectedly, the elegant, rolling profile of the Center emerged ahead, standing out but somehow harmonizing with the surrounding landscape in a special way. Arti didn't even have time to squeak before the flip flew into a spacious gallery that opened up between the waves of the outer walls. The fluid architectural forms and the distortion of space created by the transfer gave the impression of total turmoil and distortion of everything around. Artibun even felt like she was drowning in these streams…

Soon, the flip found itself in a spacious room. Its walls were finished with some kind of white polished stone with a slightly mottled surface, rising in waves above the lower tier, exposing the dark wall behind it. Below, there were rows of round landing cells for flips, carved directly into the matte concrete floor, making it resemble an open box of chocolates.

Xio and Trix were obviously already aware of her arrival – as soon as the transfer stood in the landing cell, they appeared at one of the entrances under the slope of the wall. The robot gestured for Arti to follow them.

VIII

They entered one of the elevators and, a few minutes later, found themselves at the entrance to the Center's planetary science department, from where they entered Trix's spacious office.

Light white walls seemed to swirl around the central space, their curves merging with the curves of the windows.

Arti was somewhat surprised by the apparent absence of any equipment in a room that seemed to be intended for scientific work.

The only things here were a few dark matte tables and chairs that resembled whimsically curved pieces of rock. The robot sat down at one of these workstations and displayed the message “busy” on its screen.

Xio and Arti sat down at the next table, and the axolotl brought her up to speed:

— We’re getting ready for takeoff. We've done everything we can in the lab. Now we need to get out there and do some more thorough research.

— Are we flying somewhere else? Into deep space?

— Yes, we will. We will need to record the topology distortions and conduct a series of other experiments. It would also be useful to determine the degree of danger…

— Come on! What danger…

— Well, we need to assess it. How else can we proceed? I understand your empathy. You will help us establish contact with it.

Xio explained that their flight would be comfortable—the spacecraft was like several laboratories and offices, separated from the rest of the center and sent into free flight.

This seamless approach allowed the Center to envelop its global object of study – space, thus erasing the boundary between theory and practice.

— Are we going to fly right in this office? – Arti asked in surprise.

— No. We'll go up there later. Trix is busy with something right now… – said the axolotl.

The research station had already been selected, prepared, and equipped with the necessary equipment, as the scientists had taken up the task almost the day after Micro's publication.

The only thing left for them to do was to make the necessary adjustments for Artibun, based on her bio-profile provided to them by Space Concierge.

— Hi, Arti! – exclaimed Trix, sitting down next to them and pulling up a chair.

— Hi! – replied the bunny.

— I see that Xio has already explained everything to you. Great! Would you like something to eat?

— Not really…

— That’s okay. There's still a little time left before departure. You'll get hungry there.

— You have a flexible schedule…

— It’s not surprising. Science is also a creative process. – Xio interjected.

— That’s true. – Arti sighed – When I want to create a painting, I just make sketches and see what happens. However, I also look for inspiration to get started. I draw what I like.

But the creative process itself also implies a certain plan. All these cultural events, exhibitions, daily art, series of paintings… And I'm going to dedicate one of the arches to a singular cat.

— Yes. A plan doesn't mean that we have to come up with a specific discovery or art at a specific moment. – Xio remarked and added – We can't know what discoveries await us until they are made.”

Trix continued his thought:

— A plan is simply the allocation of resources and the direction of activities in all areas. – Planning is done with both immediate and longer-term goals in mind. At the same time, we are working on solving urgent practical problems and conducting fundamental research dictated by the needs of theoretical development and setting goals that go far beyond the practicalities of the present moment.

— Interesting, but I don't get it… – Arti said cautiously.

— Well, he's AI. – Xio smiled – Simply put, we build any plan based on our activities, systematizing them. You feel the need to create. Ideas and inspiration arise as your response to the world around you. And you gradually organize your work and decide on the means.

— I see… – smiled the bunny.

Next, Trix suggested that everyone share their plans for the space voyage and agree on them, deciding who would do what and from which side they would explore the singular form of life.

Xio was going to determine the internal and external structure of Skitty and study the biological processes taking place within it, which were clearly based on some properties of singular matter.

Trix was interested in the materials that made up the singular cat—their structure and properties. In addition, the robot was going to study the behavior of space topology and Skitty's ability to change it.

Arti, on the other paw, sought to establish contact with the furry singularity, get to know it, and understand its personality. She wanted to know how this unusual life form lived and thought, what it could give to the world and what it could take from it, and how it would interact with others.

Thus, Skitty's research covered both practical and deeply theoretical areas of knowledge. Covering, at first glance, such diverse sciences as materials science, biology, sociology, and psychology, this research clearly demonstrates the unity of knowledge and the unity of science, none of whose branches exist in isolation from the others.

Having finished their pleasant discussion, Arti, Xio, and Trix went back out into the familiar corridor and headed for the maglifts. They went up to the top floor and entered the lobby, which seemed to twist into a solid wall with strips of light running across it. From there, the researchers ran into a relatively narrow corridor lit by groups of diamond-shaped lamps embedded in the walls. Passing through a metal-paneled and corrugated airlock, they found themselves in the research station itself.

Axolotl and the robot stopped at the entrance and stepped aside, apparently checking something there, while Arti slipped into the adjoining room without looking.

It was a spacious room, bordered on one side by a curved window surface, behind which the picturesque landscape of the fifth delta could be seen. The rest of the room had a white, glossy finish. The wall opposite the window was completely covered with built-in equipment behind white and dark brown panels. Above and below, the space was bounded by the ceiling, with built-in spotlights, and the floor, finished with wenge-colored parquet. Closer to the windows were sofas, seemingly composed of soft, blue suede-covered balls. In the center of the room was a rectangular navigation console table with some metal devices on its smooth white surface.

Tria was standing at the console. He glanced at Arti, who had jumped onto one of the sofas and, tilting her head to one side, had fallen asleep without realizing it.

IX

Artem sat at his desk by the tall window. Subdued light flooded the spacious office of the CRIS, decorated with light and graceful curls of bizarrely intertwined rocks, plants, and shells, softly nestled in the matte, celadon finish of the walls and furniture.

Having finished his work in the laboratory on nanomaterials, he came up here to reflect on the experience he had gained and to adapt and refine the unified nanite control platform.

In the future, nanites could be used to perform a wide variety of tasks, form all kinds of structures, and even integrate with biological matter and consciousness.

Meanwhile, the cat sitting on the sofa in the back of the office got up and, stepping softly, quietly approached the windows. Suddenly, the coffee-colored cat felt someone touch his ears. Barely turning around, he saw Furfy, who immediately handed him a tablet.

— What's this?

— A conference where we can speak! Or rather, you can.

— Why?

— Mist will be busy. She'll be at another conference at that time. Remember?

Artem took the tablet and carefully looked at the open document. The conference was organized by ChemBioTech, a large institute in the city of Teksui, and was dedicated to current solutions in biosynthesis.

Furfy continued:

— Mist has already prepared the article and presentation. They will be similar to the ones she gives herself. And everything has been confirmed for us.

— I see. What about you?

— No… I'll be in the lab with And. I'd like to adapt your software developments. I'm sure we'll succeed. You rest for now.

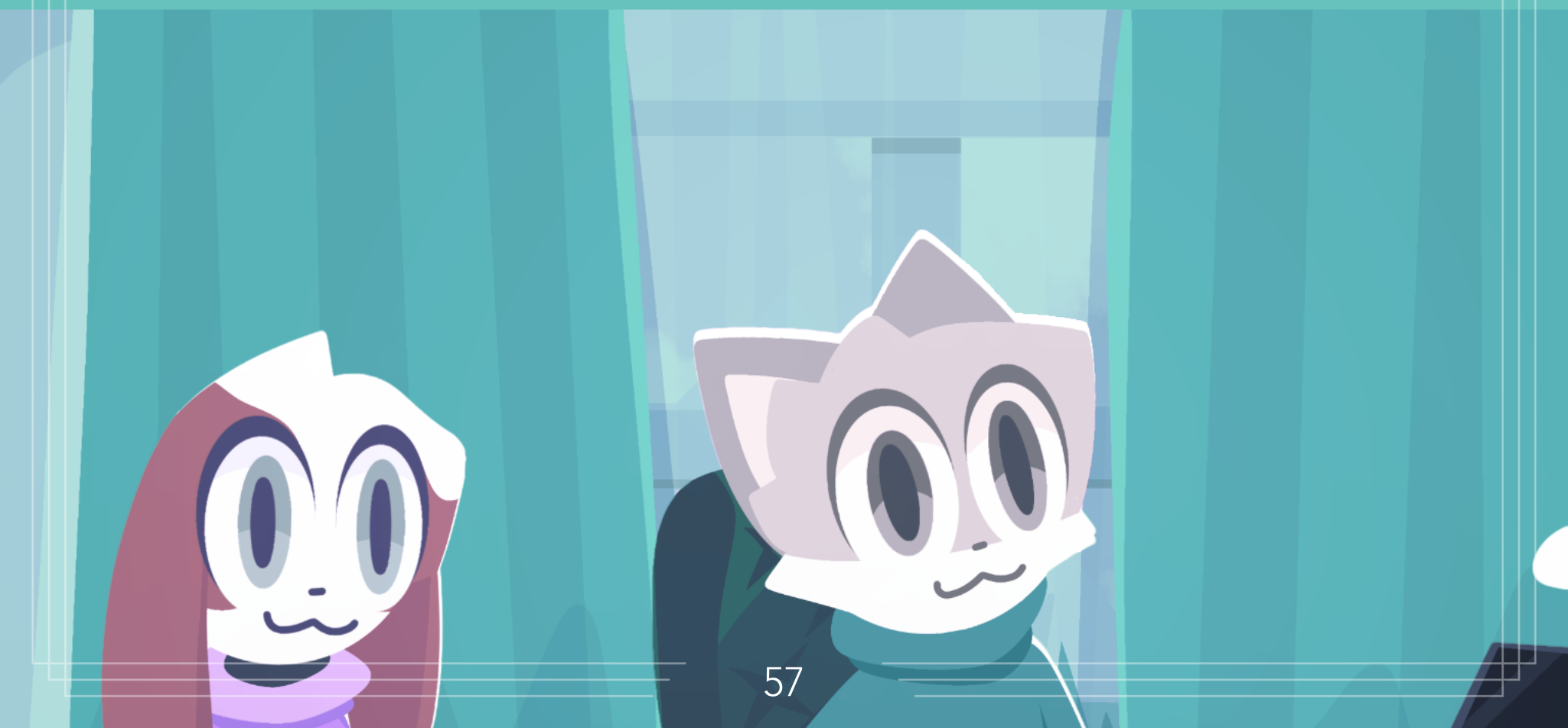
— Well… okay… I'll go. – Artem meowed affirmatively.

The conference was scheduled for tomorrow morning, and out-of-towners needed to get ready in advance. Fortunately, it wasn't difficult — all they had to do was open the link to the address in the flip management app and confirm their departure. However, the cat didn't particularly like the fact that he had to get up much earlier. Or he would have to fly today.

— If I had left earlier, maybe they wouldn't have invited me… – he thought on his way home.

When he got home, the coffee cat, of course, shared his news with Vita, but she only agreed with the need for in-person participation.

— That's right. It will be good for you. – she said.



— Yes, I understand that it's good to make connections, gain new experience, and all that… But somehow I don't feel comfortable with it.

— What's wrong? There's no transportation problem. Nothing at all. It's just your shyness.

— Probably… Maybe I'll come back right after the presentation?

— Why? – asked the spaniel in surprise. – You can settle in there, relax, take a walk after the conference, and come back.

— I'd like to work…

— You'll have time for everything, you have a very flexible and free schedule. Just go to bed early – concluded Vita.

Artem spent the rest of the day in his office, working on his software platform and nanite management application for solving a number of specific applied problems. He closely monitored the increased activity of Furfy and And in their research group's repository. By nightfall, the coffee cat had finally returned to the presentation he was supposed to give. Today.

Artem significantly changed the design, reduced the amount of text on each slide, highlighted keywords, and thus made the demonstration easier to understand. In the end, the cat went to bed at his usual late hour.

Of course, the responsible Vita did not forget to wake him up early and make sure he got himself ready.

Fresh, but clearly not well-rested and slightly dissatisfied with this, Artem put everything he needed in his briefcase, went downstairs, and left the mansion. He ran down the wide marble staircase to the lower regular park, crossed it, and approached a secluded two-story pavilion with a

square base. The pavilion itself stood on the corner formed by the canal that divided the park into two equal parts and the embankment, also finished with stone.

The district terminal for flips was located directly under the pavilion, at sea level, and was in fact its continuation. Artem went down there, climbed into the flying saucer, remotely opened the automatic door, and then carefully brought the flip outside. Hovering over the shore washed by rolling transparent waves, he opened the target address found in the document in a special application for controlling the flying saucer.

The flip soared into the air and, smoothly describing an arc, crossed Sweetenbaum, flying deep into the continent. Artem may have felt insignificant, but he could no longer sleep. Pressing his face against the dome, he watched as the blurred, smeared surface of the planet spread out beneath him.

◆ ◆ ◆

On this day, Furfy worked very productively with End. Together, they managed to get different types of nanites to consistently take on complex forms and update the resulting structure through what turned out to be a relatively simple modification of the software platform interfaces.

This platform was distinguished by its well-thought-out and developed architecture, but it had been developed for a long time by the theorist Artem, somewhat removed from real nanomatter. There were fears that this ambitious development would prove to be simply inapplicable and limited, which, at best, would require almost everything to be redone from scratch. And the problems that arose during testing seemed to confirm all the fears. But no. In reality, only certain properties of nanites were not taken into account, and some of the problems turned out to be simply software errors.

Perhaps this sudden relief was entirely due to the fact that even deep theory is, in one way or another, connected with practice. Moreover, experience cannot be limited to a single sensation – it must be comprehended. To understand how nanites work, you don't need to literally touch them with your hands. Practical experience can be gained in many different ways, using a wide variety of means for observation. The main thing is that the experience gained is actually confirmed in practice.

In general, everything turned out so that by noon, Furfy had already completed all her planned work in the laboratory. She returned home, stretched out on the sofa, and thought. She needed to significantly rework her plans due to this unexpected free time.

— I think we'll discuss our next steps when Mist and Artem return. – she reasoned. – We'll update everything on the topic of biology and consciousness in nanites. Apparently, we'll be doing some kind of partial bio-transfer into this “slime”.

In the meantime, we can do something else. Remembering her recent conversation with the coffee cat about how she couldn't fly to the conference, the cat wondered – really, why shouldn't she go somewhere? Some interesting events came to mind…

Furfy paced around until Mist entered the room. She glanced shyly at her friend, and Furfy stopped and turned to her.

— Hi! – she meowed to Mist. The cats hugged each other.

— How did it go? – Furfy asked.

— Fine… – Mist mumbled with a shy smile.

— Well, yes! We'll have to discuss everything when we all get together.

— Yes… That's right. I wasn't expecting you right now… Honestly.

— Yes, that's right! End and I really managed to finish much earlier. We'll start on a new topic soon.

— That's nice…

Furfy glanced at the window overlooking the garden surrounding their house, then turned to her friend.

— Let's go, Mist. – she exclaimed unexpectedly, grabbing Mist by the hand and running off, dragging the bewildered cat behind her, who hadn't even had time to change her clothes.

They ran out into the street and through the park, which was surrounded by a full-flowing river.

— Where are we going? – Mist finally asked.

— I’d like to take a walk through our scenic park. Check out some places that not many people go to.

— Sounds interesting…

They crossed the bridge and stopped. Furfy continued:

— The last time I was in this park was two weeks ago, I think. And something happened there… Didn't I tell you about it?

— No… – Mist replied.

— I understand, you were busy. I didn't want to bother you. But there was a lemon guy I needed to find. It took me deep into the park.

— And did you like it?

— Yes! I discovered new places and even new perspectives on familiar ones. How everything changes, even if you just change your path, look at it differently.

They walked along wide gravel roads laid across soft grassy carpets dotted with solitary trees and bushes. The entire space around them was surrounded by the darker, denser walls of the forest. Furfy turned aside and ran along a narrow path that curved around a small group of oak trees. Mist ran after her.

The cats found themselves in a cool, tennis court-like alley interspersed with slender columns of trees. A pleasant freshness blew through the air, permeating their bodies. Looking around and breathing out contentedly, Furfy turned somewhere deep into the grove towards the lake.

— Yes, Mist, come here! – she called.

The trees around them, washed by the capriciously shaped lake, formed two separate forest areas. Furfy and Mist came ashore from the side with taller, slimmer trees with dark crowns, while the other shore was occupied by a more lush forest with crowns of various shades of green, some of which were almost white.

This contrast between the similar but different forests seemed to lie on the transparent surface of the water, emphasized by the bevelled edge of the shore.

— Look at that!

— Yes… – replied Mist.

Furfy walked straight along the edge of the shore, sometimes taking in the landscape with her gaze, sometimes closing her eyes and humming something to herself. It seemed as if she wasn't paying attention to where she was stepping.

The more cautious Mist did not run after her friend, but decided to walk slowly behind her and watch her. The mint cat's attention was completely focused on Furfy.

— He’s going into the mountains somehow… – she said thoughtfully, looking at the green waves visible in the distance. – The park doesn't seem to have any definite boundaries. It would be interesting to climb up there.

Then Furfy heard a sudden loud splash and felt a light spray of water on her. The cat turned around and saw Mist standing chest-deep in the water. She looked at her friend with sadness and confusion. Furfy snorted and ran up to Mist. The mint cat reached the shore and climbed out of the water. Furfy grabbed her paws and helped her out of the water, nearly falling herself.

— What happened?

— I was looking at you. – Mist said. – I didn't notice and slipped into the water. I felt myself falling, but I managed to regroup in time.”

— Well… watch yourself.

— I can see that you're not paying attention, and I'm trying to help.

— But it doesn't work here, as you can see. – Furfy remarked.

After standing there for about a minute and drying off a little, Mist said,

— You know… I've had enough walking for today. I need to pull myself together and tidy things up.

— There’s running water here. Consider yourself washed along with your clothes. – Furfy smiled.

Mist didn't respond, but took out her smartphone, which was intact, and called a flip. A minute later, their plate descended onto the water's surface and stuck to the shore. The cats climbed inside and flew home.

The day was in full swing, and Furfy was going to visit the park again, this time on her own, climbing up to the mountainous part. While Mist took off her wet clothes and took a bath, she thought about what to take with her and which route to take.

X

Finally, after settling into his room and washing up, Artem jumped onto the bed and sprawled out on it, stretching out his paws. The dim light filtering through the white curtains caressed his face.

After dozing for a while, the coffee cat woke up. He felt relaxed and rested, but at the same time completely ready for his presentation at the conference, which was just around the corner. After a quick snack, Artem threw his tablet into his half-empty briefcase and headed for the elevators.

Leaving the residential building via the connecting gallery, he entered the central building on the sixtieth floor. He needed to get to auditorium A82-4. Despite the simple and straightforward layout of the ChemBioTech campus, with corridors around the perimeter of each floor, the cat ran aimlessly through several corridors.

— I thought I had figured it out. – he smiled to himself.

A little confused, Artem approached some little goat.

— Can you tell me where A82-4 is? I'm starting to get confused…

— Well, “A” is for lecture halls, the fourth one, on the eighty-second floor…

— Where is that? Which part of it?

— They're all close together, just go and have a look. I can open it for you. – In the institute's app.

She showed him a map of the university with directions to the auditorium. Artem himself had somehow forgotten about this method of navigation, probably because of his confusion. Getting up and going out into the corridor on the top floor, the coffee cat quickly found the right auditorium and darted through the half-open door.

The lecture hall was a spacious room with wide floor-to-ceiling windows alternating with equally wide sections of light cream-colored walls. In the middle was a long table on a solid base. Opposite it stood a lectern, behind which was a separate wall with a monitor. The furniture was finished in light pine. Around the table, chairs stood in pairs facing each other, with black metal legs and upholstered in coarse fabric with short backs stitched in a checkered pattern. Each seat at the table had its own monitor and microphone. The entire space gave the impression of lightness and airiness, harmonizing perfectly with all the other interiors on campus.

Almost immediately after Artem sat down in his seat, the commission, represented by Professor Rayna, announced the start of the conference. In addition to her, the commission also included her son Nolan, Fer, and some creature with three eyes.

According to established tradition, the main presentations were made by representatives of the host institution and its direct partners, while the other participants were given places of honor at the end.

Knowing that his presentation was the last of the ten speakers, Artem relaxed and immersed himself in his thoughts.

The main topics raised at the conference touched on a wide range of current issues in biotechnology, from various methods of integrating cell structures and implants to the distribution of consciousness across several connected nerve centers. But everywhere, a certain common trend could be discerned—all the reports touched on the topic of consciousness transfer and direct transformation in one way or another. The recent cloning of Artiket, with complete duplication of consciousness in Artibun, as well as recent data on the increasingly surprising changes among the vanguard of space exploration, not only provided answers to many complex questions in biotechnological science, but also revealed completely unprecedented prospects, heralding radical changes for society as a whole.

Artem lazily scrolled through his Fluerre SocIde feed. His finger involuntarily skipped to one post… The very one that was compiled from messages from the Space Research Center and published on their FS account. The pictures attached to the post showed a singular cat, the very same Skitty — an exotic life form made entirely of “singular matter.”

It was not surprising that this case was not mentioned at the current conference, as the publication was made very recently.

— I feel like they're going to have a good time… – Artem thought, and, folding his paws on the microphone and resting his head on them, he dozed off without realizing it.

The accumulated lack of sleep proved treacherous… or was it just his love of sleep? But the cat didn't have long to sleep — he was soon awakened by the calm but stern voice of Rayna, who insistently invited him to speak.

Not fully awake, Artem first spoke into the microphone, which was turned off, even though it was on while the cat was lying on it and pressing down with his paws. Then he finally pressed the button and repeated his introduction…

— No! What are you doing? Come over here… Here… – Rayna called out, embarrassed and with a hint of mockery in her voice.

The coffee cat shook his head and ran up to the podium. His presentation was already displayed on the screen. Artem, although he felt somewhat detached from the audience and confused in his thoughts, nevertheless reported easily and naturally on the topic of unifying the architecture and methods of controlling nanites through a single platform. The coffee cat did not ignore the promising idea of symbiosis and unity between consciousness and machines through nanites as one of the applications of their joint work in the fields of bioinformatics and bioengineering.

— What is your share in the development? – Nolan asked.

— It’s hard to say, one thing flows smoothly into another… But my share is significant, especially in the development of architecture and theorization.

— How do you implement this in practice? – asked Rayna.

— With the help of various types of nanites, including our own developments of software and hardware systems for controlling them and implementing neurointerfaces.

— Well… So, can we say that there are prospects?

— Meow – Artem nodded affirmatively.

Overall, the questions were fairly simple, even somewhat superficial. Compared to how the commission members had previously seriously scrutinized their speakers and how they had to defend their ideas, Artem's presentation went very smoothly. One might think that the topic presented was not close to the representatives of ChemBioBioTech, nor were the related developments. But Rayna dispelled these doubts, stating directly that she, like all the other participants, was very interested in talking to the representative of the CRIS.

— This is such a new experience for us. – she concluded.

— Yes, it's at the intersection of biology, computer science, and robotics. – the cat added softly.

Indeed, the development of any new field in science and technology leads to the emergence of many developments. Gradually, the need to unify all this diversity grows. And there are those who take the initiative — who summarize practical experience and, having defined uniform standards and methodology, ultimately form a paradigm for the entire field. In turn, temporary and erroneous approaches, caused by a lack of experience, are rejected.

As you can see, this is largely theoretical work aimed at identifying common concepts and operating with them. But in any case, it is inseparable from practice, even despite the need to abstract from a multitude of specific and insignificant details.

Although Artem was mainly concerned with abstractions, there was no metaphysics in his joint work with Furfy, Mist, and And. They did not absolutize the essences, properties, and possibilities of the objects under

consideration, but approached them concretely – through their real changes and interrelationships. And in their practical activities, they were mainly involved in the implementation of projects in the field of biotechnology.

— Yes… Come to think of it, that could well interest them. In any case, establishing scientific ties would not be superfluous.

Satisfied with his conclusion, the coffee cat ran down the stairs. The space below the auditorium was very similar to where the conference itself was held. But instead of a lectern and a long table for the participants, there were separate tall round tables surrounded by bar stools. Various small desserts and canapés were scattered on them, along with drinks. Many participants from different auditoriums had gathered here. Some sat alone, while others gathered in small groups to discuss their topics.

In the corner, at the junction of the panoramic windows, against the backdrop of the city, a small jazz band consisting of a pianist and a guitarist played light, swaying lounge music, enlivening the already pleasant atmosphere.

Artem thoughtfully took a bite of a cream-filled wafer tube from his glass. His thoughts turned again to the consequences of the biological transformation he had learned about from the posts he had recently read.

— Wasn’t it based on the same principle of matter control as nanites? Couldn't the space avant-garde have gone further… in its technological development? So much is being done in so many different fields. Even with the advanced means of information exchange and processing available to us, it is difficult to take into account all the work and experience even in one's own field.

Artem took a sip of coffee.

— And when we think about those who have mastered space and who, in every sense, could distance themselves from us… It is quite possible to talk about their progressiveness and its contradiction to our limited understanding. No one wants this contradiction to become antagonism. – he continued to ponder.

Of course, various contradictions arise in the historical period, but they are resolved not antagonistically, by the use of material force by one side against the other, but through joint discussion in society and the adoption of agreed decisions, since all truly intelligent beings are united by common interests. This group of cosmic beings seems to be distancing itself from us, continuing to develop the tendency to transform and improve their bodies, which is largely the basis of our modern civilization.

But in the future, the “astronauts” may separate from us, becoming something alien, with antagonistic interests. As always, we can only rely on knowledge and the fact that we are still intelligent and have not strayed too far.

After drinking some water and refreshing himself, the cat concluded:

— We need to actively interact and synchronize our knowledge. On the one hand, to prevent our ignorance, and on the other, to prevent possible mistakes on their part. I think the guys from the Center understand this.

Artem did not dare to participate in the discussion of Skitty's post, but he reposted it, pointing out the need to establish close contacts. He also mentioned his developments, describing the presumed nature of the singularity cat. Unexpectedly, this repost attracted the attention of Xio himself, who even liked it. The idea seemed interesting to the axolotl. But he was no less attracted by the developments of the nanite control system itself, which allowed the creation of all kinds of complex and

voluminous forms. For some reason, Xio cloned some repositories from the working space of this system's project.

Despite the fact that the coffee cat could have stayed at ChemBioTech for a few more days, attended conference-related events held by the institute, and walked around the city to his heart's content, he still decided to return home that same day.

Artem went out to the campus landing platform and called a flip from the terminal. A few minutes later, he was already sitting in his saucer, which rose into the sky above the skyscrapers of Teksui and, stretching out into a line, disappeared into the distance.

The cat contemplated the blurred expanses with their indistinct contours and silent waves rushing below. All sorts of uncomfortable thoughts periodically popped into his head:

— Maybe I should have stayed after all? I didn't really go out much… From office to office… But I almost went outside. Maybe I should try a little more?

Not far from Sweetenbaum, Artem canceled the flight to his destination and switched to manual control. The navigation theremin began to sound, announcing fluctuations in space, but was immediately turned off so as not to distract from the promenade.

— If walking isn't very pleasant, why not fly, so to speak, in the fresh air? – he thought.

Artem reduced the pseudo-speed of the flip to a minimum, and the distortions became almost imperceptible. He flew over a range of low mountains, rising smoothly upward and covered with thick forest greenery. After turning off the nanite dome, the cat felt the fresh and light mountain breeze pleasantly ruffling his ears and face, saturating his whole

body with freshness. Artem even closed his eyes and shuddered with pleasure.

The flying saucer circled around the mountains, tilting and changing angles, causing their massive forms to smoothly merge into one another, sometimes gathering into a dome, sometimes scattering into rolling waves. The flip flew over the meadows and valleys that stretched out in the depths of the mountain range, lost in its cool shade.

Either the mountains were getting higher, or the flip itself had descended significantly, but gradually individual trees became visible, their lush crowns covering the ground and thick undergrowth far below. Open areas were visible here and there. Bending around one of the green waves and admiring the expanses of the wide valley that suddenly appeared before him, Artem finally became one with contemplation and did not notice that he was already hanging over the edge of the heavily tilted plate, and did not notice how it was slipping from under his paws.

The cat flew over the waves of distortion without any inertia, realizing with horror what had just happened. He seemed to be floating on the surface of the massif, rising flat on the unevenness of the mountains and falling into crevices. He was afraid to look down. Finally, Artem plunged headfirst into the green abyss.

The last thing he saw was several tall, slender trees, a small clearing beneath them with old boulders covered with grass and moss. After flying around the trees and slowing down completely, Artem fell into the bushes beneath them…

…and found himself right in front of Furfy, who was very happy to see a familiar face and smiled warmly.

— I… I… Just a little. I decided to take a walk. Nice… Didn't expect to see you here.

The cat took him by the paw and helped him up, pulling him out of the bushes. While she was shaking the leaves off him, Artem continued:

— I really wanted to get some fresh air. It's especially comfortable to do that on a flip.

— How did you end up here? – asked Furfy, her voice trembling with excitement.

— Well, I came back from the conference. And I wanted to take a little break, since we're flying anyway. I got distracted…

— Hmm… I see," smiled the cat.

When Artem asked the obvious question about how to find the lost plate, Forflow reminded him about the possibility of searching with a locator and a regular call. While the flip was flying towards them, Artem thought and looked at the cat:

— So that's what they were doing while I was away. Apparently, they managed to finish the job easily. Every time you think, 'I'll never be able to do this! ' But in the end, everything somehow works out unexpectedly, almost instantly, with a clear head.

Soon, they saw the silhouette of the flip flop flash through the canopy of trees. A glossy, sky-blue plate with elegant contours and chrome vertical details descended smoothly in front of them, hovering at a minimum height above the ground. The coffee cat jumped into the flip and, soaring into the air, smiled down at Furfy. And waved his paw at her.

— Be careful not to fall out of the flip again… – she called after him with a slight mockery in her voice.

XI

But let's return to the present. The research station had been traveling through space for several days, heading toward the fluffy singularity.

Of course, among other things, Micro had determined the approximate location of Skitty. But over the past few days, it could have changed significantly, especially given the potential ability of singular cats to manipulate space and time.

Based on all these inputs, taking into account the peculiarities of flip spatial navigation, as well as the materials from scientific papers prepared by Micro, Xio, and Trix, a special artificial intelligence created a flight control program for the station to search for Skitty. In summary, the flight began with a straight line to the specified point where the first encounter with the singular cat took place. By processing constantly updated data on space distortions and gravitational wave fluctuations, the initial flight trajectory gradually changed until the observed distortions fully matched the pattern of fluctuations at Skitty.

The control program and prepared neural networks were loaded into Tria, which, in turn, was connected to the station's control system as an autopilot assistant.

The Center's space research station itself was a glass sphere on a white wavy base, rising to the very top and dividing the entire volume into four floors.

At the base was a telepipe designed to form a distorting surface of space, whose significant volume was supported by additional lines of emitters laid in those very ridges around the station, along with the outputs of communication and sensing devices.

Above were two laboratories. One of them, the outer one, was intended for experiments directly related to outer space. It was adjacent to windows, sections of which could be moved automatically, thus opening access to the necessary equipment outside.

Above the laboratories was the open space with the navigation console. It was intended for both rest and work not directly related to conducting non-mental experiments. The floor also housed a number of separate cleaning rooms and a dining room with an automatic kitchen that dispensed and synthesized food.

Adjacent to the windows on the upper floor were a number of bedrooms surrounding warehouses, restrooms, and two hydroponic farms. The latter were used for additional oxygen and food supplies, as well as additional recreation spaces.

Deep inside the station, in the inner spherical volume, were the computer center rooms, which included independent flight and life support control systems, powerful quantum-isomeric power sources, energy recovery and waste processing systems. A spiral staircase surrounded this volume, with exits on each floor.

Special climate modules connecting the various rooms of the station maintained the necessary composition, pressure, and temperature of the air by pumping it through themselves, heating and cooling it, filtering it, and removing oxygen from carbon dioxide, supplementing it with oxygen obtained from hydroponic farms and recycled waste.

In this way, the climate of each room could be freely regulated and even supplemented with various pleasant aromas in the air. Arti set a soft grape aroma by connecting to the station's control system. She reclined on the same cloud sofa by the window and sketched her new paintings, sometimes not even related to space themes.

The station carried its own local Internet segment on its internal network in the form of an updated set of mirrors and web applications that could be synchronized with the nearest segments of other planets.

Despite this, Arti was unable to sit on social media as usual, as they were flying far away from civilization. She was not interested in much of what was available locally – it was mainly various specific literature and numerous scientific papers, design templates and drafts of articles and documents, numerous necessary but long-outdated monotonous extracts and conclusions, configurations and programs for controlling laboratory equipment, dumps of magazine and conference websites, along with work chats from the last fifty years…

Therefore, Arti spent a considerable amount of time playing arcade games, which had been automatically downloaded to her smartphone while she still had a connection to the outside world. In the end, the bunny created a new game herself, calling it CollapSink. In it, a cubic bunny with a pink ear, apparently representing Arti herself, ran away from a collapse along an infinitely long bridge made of cubes. The goal was to avoid falling down and run as far as possible, bypassing similar cubic obstacles standing in the way.

— Not like Kiki, but it'll do. Experience is forgotten… – she smiled, watching the cube bunny fall down.

During the flight, Xio periodically descended into the internal laboratory, then climbed back up and sat down at the navigation console. There, he opened spatial windows, opened a laptop nearby, and watched something with slight detachment. At the same time, the axolotl did not touch the devices with its paws and sometimes listened intently, swaying in time and sipping an avocado cocktail.

Xio's appearance resembled that of a DJ, which greatly amused Arti, even though she could not hear any music.

The metal cup above the axolotl, which could be removed with a lighting fixture, received these emissions and converted them into interaction with the interface. There was also a directional speaker for the navigation theremin, which could not be heard unless you stood under the cup.

Once again, when Xio sat down at the counter, Arti got up from the sofa and approached him.

— How much longer do we have to fly? – she asked.

Xio turned to the bunny and replied absentmindedly:

— Well… The size of the spatial segment grows and falls exponentially towards the beginning and end of the journey.

— I understand, Xio. – Arti interrupted him. – How much time have we spent on precise navigation?

— The path is being updated. – the axolotl remarked and continued – We are still in the process of searching. But, judging by everything, we have found it, and we will most likely catch up if it doesn't do anything else.

— Great! So we can determine how much we have left! – Arti exclaimed.

— Yes. About eight days… – Xio said.

— What?

— The navigation at the end points is… We'll spend two days each. The main distance, if nothing changes, will take four. That's eight in total.

— No, not eight. Recalculate.

Xio habitually took out his calculator, but Arti stopped him.

— No, don't! Show me your paw… – she asked. The axolotl showed her its four fingers.

— And all the time for precise navigation.

Xio showed two more fingers.

— Well? How many days will it take?

— Sorry, I'm confused. – Xio smiled – So, we've already covered four days in total. That means there are two left.

Arti nodded in agreement. Then Axolotl suggested that they discuss and draw up a plan for their immediate meeting with Skitty. Xio called Trix, who had been out of sight for the entire flight because he was in hibernation, occasionally waking up to do some calculations. Arti sat down on the chair next to the navigation console. After the robot descended and approached them, Xio began:

— We are all interested in this creature. I am interested in biology.

Trix added:

— For research, we need to set specific, controlled conditions. Next, we perform a series of actions on the object of study, and after processing the results, we establish patterns. I will interact with her through variable distortion of space, using a separate telepipe. Next, we will try to take samples of matter from her.

— Yes, that's right. – said Xio – In my case, it's similar, but more complicated. I would place her in a specific environment and put sensors on her. Can we invite her… into the lab?

Arti looked intently at the scientists:

— We need to establish contact with her. Understand her. – she said softly.

So, you want to establish an emotional connection with her in order to study her personality and exchange knowledge. – agreed Trix.

— I'm ready to go out into open space. She is as intelligent and sweet as we are. Let's talk to her, maybe she will share something interesting with us herself.

— Wait. – Xio interrupted them.

After thinking for a moment, he added:

— Yes, you're right. We will establish different types of contact and examine Skitty from different angles. But one thing should not interfere with the other. We need to merge everything into a single method.

During further discussion, the researchers decided on the procedure for conducting the experiment to establish first contact with the singular cat. They would move toward it in a spiral, gradually reducing their orbit around the singularity, while continuously monitoring any changes in the topology of space and background radiation. If everything went well, the station would occupy a point of equilibrium near Skitty. Then Arti would go out into open space and try to attract its attention. Depending on how the singularity cat behaves, various effects will be applied to it – distorting the space around it, reacting to contact with various types of radiation and substances. Of course, an external scan will be performed. Sampling will be done as needed, perhaps one scan will be enough.

Arti looked out the window and fantasized about her future encounter with the furry singularity. Her gaze sank into the impenetrable void, enlivened only by ring flashes of radiation resulting from complex spatial maneuvers.

After looking her fill, Arti sank down on the sofa.

— I understand their concerns. But I can't shake this feeling of confidence in the others. There is nothing unknowable. By feeling, we come to know others. It is always possible to achieve mutual understanding and love. – she thought to herself.

The rest of the flight passed unnoticed. In space, the sense of time was lost, as the familiar rhythm became blurred and indistinct.

XII

Trix appeared at the navigation console. It was so unexpected that Arti flinched when she noticed him. She cautiously approached the motionless robot and lightly touched its screen. Nothing happened. Arti was about to walk away when a face appeared on the screen.

— Hello! Do you have any questions? – asked Trix.

— Yeah, sure… – Arti mumbled, turning toward the windows.

It was still the same dark abyss. But if you looked closely, you could see faint, barely discernible streaks of dark purple colors, bizarrely and distortedly enveloping the space.

Picking up on her thoughts, Trix remarked:

— Yes. We are approaching singularity. This is evidenced by the anomalous metric conditions. Xio is in the lab now, he will call you.

Arti looked closely at the robot and winked at him in response, then ran to the saturation block. She felt her excitement growing, spreading throughout her body in a cold shiver.

Going inside, she saw… Xio. Axpolotl was sitting peacefully at a round bar table, eating sandwiches. Noticing Arti, he gestured for her to sit next to him. After wiping his hands, Xio began:

— Everything is going according to plan. The robot will take us to Skitty. I've already prepared the laboratory.

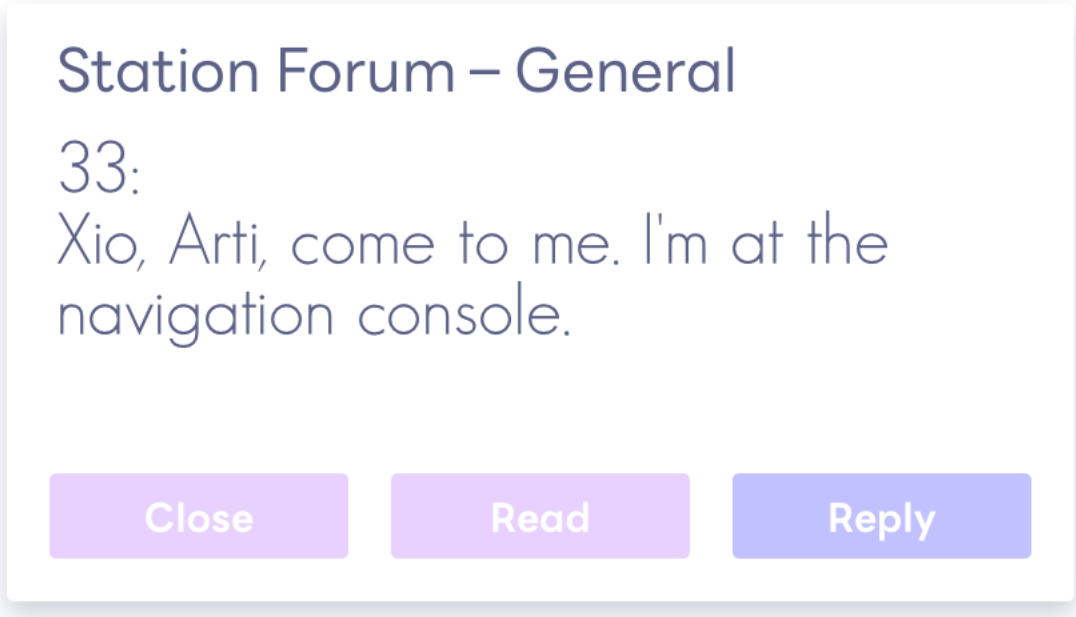
Smiling, he continued:

– Although everything there is automated, that's not the point. We'll go down to the airlock hall and help you get out into space. Once there,

you'll have to act according to the situation. I won't burden you with too many details. I'll explain everything as we go along. And don't worry.

— Hmm… – Arti took a sandwich with processed cheese. Xio's relaxed uncertainty calmed her down a little.

A few minutes later, notification sounds were heard. Arti took out her smartphone and glanced at the pop-up message from their research station's local chat:



— Yes, let's go, it's something important. – Xio called to her.

They rushed out of the room, quickly crossed the open space, and approached the navigation console. A large spatial window hovered above it. Trix pointed at it and spoke:

— We are about one hundred and twenty light seconds away from it. The metric distortions are significant and clearly caused by conscious behavior. Despite this, the flight has been stabilized. We are continuing to collect data on the state of space.

— Can you enhance the colors in the image? – Xio asked him.

— Oh, how cute! – Arti squeaked.

In the clarified image, one could see a cute, black anthropomorphic cat. She was floating in clouds of purple mist, surrounded by planets, which she played with like colorful balls of wool, spinning them in her paws and tossing them aside.

— I was just wondering how Skitty can wear anything if she's a singularity? – Xio wondered.

— The collar must be special or part of her, because it's the same color. Kind of like her paws. And that's it. – replied Trix.

— Considering this fluffball is made from a black hole… Perhaps it's just a part of herself, or something she created herself. – agreed the axolotl.

But Arti couldn't hear them anymore. She took out her smartphone and began to sketch out her new painting, making neat and precise strokes with her thumb. Xio smirked, putting a paw to his mouth as he looked at the bunny.

— The way she behaves with the planets makes me uneasy. – he said in a low voice.

— I've noticed that the distortions she creates can be bypassed. I believe she's using the usual space control technology we know about. – Trix said.

Xio grabbed Arti's paw.

— How much time do you need for this? – he asked. Then he headed for the exit – I'll call you in about ten minutes.

— One job takes me somewhere around three to five hours… – Arti replied.

Xio stopped.

— Then let's go now!

Running down the narrow whirlpool of stairs, they found themselves at the airlock lobby. There the axolotl dragged the somewhat confused bunny somewhere to the side. Arti looked around. They were in a small room with white marble slabs. Arti sat down on one of the spherical pouffes that stood in the center and looked at Xio.

The axolotl stood against the ribbed wall that bounded the room to the left. Finally he spoke:

— Go inside. Put the excess stuff in a container, leaving one layer of clothing. Stand up and stand straight with your paws spread. Is that clear?

Arti nodded affirmatively. The doors slid open, revealing a dark rectangular alcove, dimly lit by four ceiling spots. Closing the door and removing everything but her T-shirt, Arti stretched out to her full height and spread her paws. She felt herself squeezed and almost lost her balance as the surrounding walls wrapped around her. But after a few seconds, Arti noticed that her body was enveloped in something dense and cool, her tail was free to fall down, but covered in some sort of gel. After that, a nanite bubble descended and stretched over her head, her long ears pierced through it but were also covered in a thin film of gel. Gloves were placed on the front paws. All flexible joints were sealed.

Although the suit was very tight and could easily withstand possible pressure differences, it did not constrict movement much, due to the use of many rigid plates under the fabric, mounted on the flexible frame of the suit. Arti took an uncertain step toward the axolotl. Xio took her under his paw and led her over to some sort of rig standing nearby.

— Great! All according to your bio-profile. – He added with a satisfied grin, and placed a special backpack on her back that included climate control, carbon dioxide oxygen recovery and communications systems, as well as maneuvering ion cannons and a few other little things.

Finally, they passed through a transparent door and found themselves in the airlock itself. The white ceiling, dissected by lines, trapezoidally wrapped around the space all the way to the floor. But opposite the space seemed to be cut off by a wall plane of rectangular windows mounted in a grid of wide black beams.

Setting Arti down on the couch-cushion, Xio pulled a shulng from the rack and brought the end of it to the spacesuit. After magnetizing and

securing the connector, the axolotl explained its purpose to Arti, who was startled by the unexpected poke in the back. The wire provided a reliable connection with the station – both informational and direct, in the form of binding, which, given the spatial distortions was not superfluous. Also, the wire strongly dissipated heat and could function as a backup power source in the form of oxygen and electricity.

— To fly, push off surfaces and make light movements with your hind legs. The propulsion system will figure it out, it's all intuitive here. We're in the same chat room, so we'll hear you. And you'll hear us too. – Xio explained.

Having finished his briefing, the axolotl said:

— That's it. Wait for the exit to open. I'll go up to the lab.

Not a minute later, Xio already sat down at the special counter of the laboratory office. The walls behind the counter were reserved for various equipment, covered with white, dark brown and transparent panels. Along the wall was an open area of the lab table, on which various devices were mounted. Xio displayed several spatial windows. One overview window displayed both the video stream from the visual surveillance cameras and the status of the spatial metrics. The exact statistics were displayed in an app next to it. The virtual conference window could already see the others – Arti, Trix, and even Tria, connected as an assistant.

Hovering directly in front of the axolotl were the windows of Integral Lab, a multi-functions application for lab management, complex automation, and research programming. Each lab device was integrated as an associated digital entity, a digital twin.

Xio had already prepared all the necessary programs. Including one based on one he was interested in developing for advanced nanite

control… Meanwhile, Arti's excitement was growing. She saw the sections of windows in front of her sliding open, revealing an exit into space.

— That's it. There's nowhere to go. I have to go. By myself… But I wanted to, and it couldn't help but happen. – she thought.

As she approached the exit, Arti felt the weight leave her body. Along with it, the excitement that had been building up in her mind disappeared. She may have been trembling, but it was no longer uncertainty. It was the hesitation of readiness for action, the hesitation of rapid acceleration. Arti was no longer standing, but floating, unsupported. Barely pushing off with her hind paws, she flew into the abyss, animated by the currents of distortion in the changeable matter.

Once outside the station and some distance away from it, Arti noticed confetti swirling around her…

— What's that? she asked in confusion.

— Going into open space is a momentous occasion that must be celebrated. – replied Xio in a somewhat touching tone.

After getting used to weightlessness, Arti gave herself a push and found herself in front of the laboratories.

— I look pretty good… – she said dreamily, looking at her reflection in the glass.

Several sections had been moved, and in the niches formed, honeycomb-like panels resembling waffles could be seen, part of the laboratory equipment used in the experiment.

Each panel was made of a special composite based on metamaterial conductive lattices with a longitudinal and transverse nanostructure with variable topology. The panels were divided into sectors, each of which was tuned to a specific range of spatial wave oscillations.

One of the devices processes local space vibrations, in this case those occurring near the astronaut. These vibrations are converted into an analog signal, as in a navigation theremin, but are filtered and converted using a slightly different method. After that, they are converted into audible vibrations and modulated as sound by the suit's audio system.

The other device, on the contrary, receives and processes the astronaut's voice, converting acoustic waves into spatial vibrations, which it directs in a specific direction.

Thus, universal devices for working with local distortions, configured and connected in a certain way to the periphery, become a system that will establish communication and mutual understanding between seemingly different beings by converting spatial vibrations into sound signals and vice versa.

— To tell the truth, it's better to observe not the distortion of space itself, but those who observe it… There's no difference anyway. – Xio exhaled.

— No, depending on the position of the observer, the perception will be different. – Trix objected.

— Yes. I understand… – muttered the axolotl.

Meanwhile, Skitty noticed the ship and began to approach. She somersaulted, throwing her paws out to the sides, and grew larger and larger. Arti waved her paw at her:

— Hi, fluffy!

The singularity cat just smiled in response and moved aside. She floated in space, swirling distortions around her, enveloping everything around her.

There was an awkward feeling of losing control of the situation, a mistake after which all the old plans lost their meaning and had to be rejected and replaced with new ones.

— Where are you going to go… – hissed Xio.

New sections of the outer laboratory's glazing opened. Several balls of translucent matter flew out of the niches that had formed. Merging into one, they flew straight at Skitty, who had already absorbed a significant part of the view. But for some reason, as the nanite matter approached the singular cat, it also increased in size, although the amount of substance in it could not possibly change.

Unexpectedly, the translucent ball took the form of a cylindrical shell and enveloped Skitty. After that, they both shrank to a very small size.

Arti shuddered.

— Xio, stop it! Stop scaring her! – she exclaimed indignantly and with horror.

But Xio disagreed, justifying his actions by saying that the space cat's behavior no longer led to contact, but could well cause harm with its distortions. Accordingly, mutual safety should be ensured.

— She clearly uses a similar technology to control spatial metrics. It follows that the distortions created by Skitty are not insurmountable. Any impact she has can be mutually offset by teletypes. – explained Trix.

— That's true. – agreed the axolotl after a pause.

— I think she understands everything. – said the robot dismissively.

The glass disappeared. Little Skitty hung over Arti's palms and looked naively into her eyes.

Arti herself felt a mixture of tenderness and bewilderment. She couldn't feel the touch of this singular fluffy creature — it seemed as if it was still far away from her paws.

— Hello… – Arti said, confused. But the fluffy creature just glanced at her.

After a short pause, the bunny cautiously added:

— Who are you? I'd like to get to know you… if you don't mind.

The bunny spread her paws, and Skitty flew back, instantly returning to her true size.

Arti exhaled. She heard some twisting whistles, but they almost immediately formed into quite distinct speech — the sensing system picked up and tuned in to the local fluctuations in space.

— Me? I am a singularity. A singular cosmic cat… – the creature introduced itself.

— Or Skitty? – Arti interrupted her.

— Yes.

— Wow! We think very similarly…

Standing on this small foothold, Arti began to quickly develop her thought:

— So here we are, meeting each other! And do you know how that happened? Because we have common interests. I'm also interested in space.

— Oh, really! For me, outer space is… How can I explain it… It's like endless creativity that encompasses the entire universe. Completely safe. I can do whatever comes to mind. True, I feel like I haven't fully settled in yet. I don't know all my capabilities yet.

So you're still searching?

— Yes… – meowed Skitty and looked intently at Arti.

— You play with planets like balls of yarn, eat space… spaghetti, dress up in outfits made of stardust. You behave in space as if you were at home. What a naive and unclouded view…

— Not at all. As an outside observer, you may not be able to see what's beyond the singularity. But you have to have the courage to look, to overcome the event horizon. I was able to…

Arti was intrigued by this turn in the conversation. Seizing the moment, she managed to ask Skitty in detail about her life, about how she became who she is now.

The singular fluffy creature was a representative of one of the species of space beings, somewhat similar to Micros, for whom outer space was their natural habitat. She grew up in this environment, absorbing the habits, ideas, and concepts that floated around in it and were characteristic of it. Skitty was particularly interested in all kinds of changes in the space-time continuum, which could be created consciously — using the same telepipes of spacecraft – or observed in natural phenomena such as black holes.

Skitty created various devices for manipulating space, with the help of which she managed to synthesize various structures from metric distortions alone, in which space-time folded into complex fractal structures. At the same time, the fluffy creature could not work with numbers. Instead, she represented all mathematical relationships in a visual, geometric form.

— Once, I had the idea of wrapping a black hole in such a structure. Acting consistently, I was able to do it after all. The powerful source of power and distortion was internally organized into a convenient tool for unlimited transformations. – Skitty shared.

The result of her work was a multi-layered, spherical spatial structure containing a controllable black hole. Skitty attached it to her collar, through which she could mentally control the singularity.

— Of course, I have changed my body very much. By manipulating space, I feed on the energy and matter that feed the processes occurring at black holes. My movement is largely a change in space itself.”

Arti thought about it. So, it turns out that this black hole-like singularity was, in many ways… an image, but a well-created one, using well-known technologies? Arti also remembered that she had already encountered similar ideas about the creative world somewhere before. Or were they still Articat's memories? Yes! This resonates with that optional digital universe, Digirel.

— At some point, I realized that everything. That by embracing the black hole, I embraced the entire universe.

— How lovely! – Arti exclaimed – New opportunities for self-realization! And by embracing the entire universe, you can bring freedom, development, and happiness to everyone.

— Yes… I can freely change the universe. But any creatures in it are just amusing fluctuations that I can play with. Like everything around me…

This unexpected conclusion confused Arti. But, involuntarily feeling some kind of inner mental support, she gathered her thoughts and, waving her ears, cautiously disagreed:

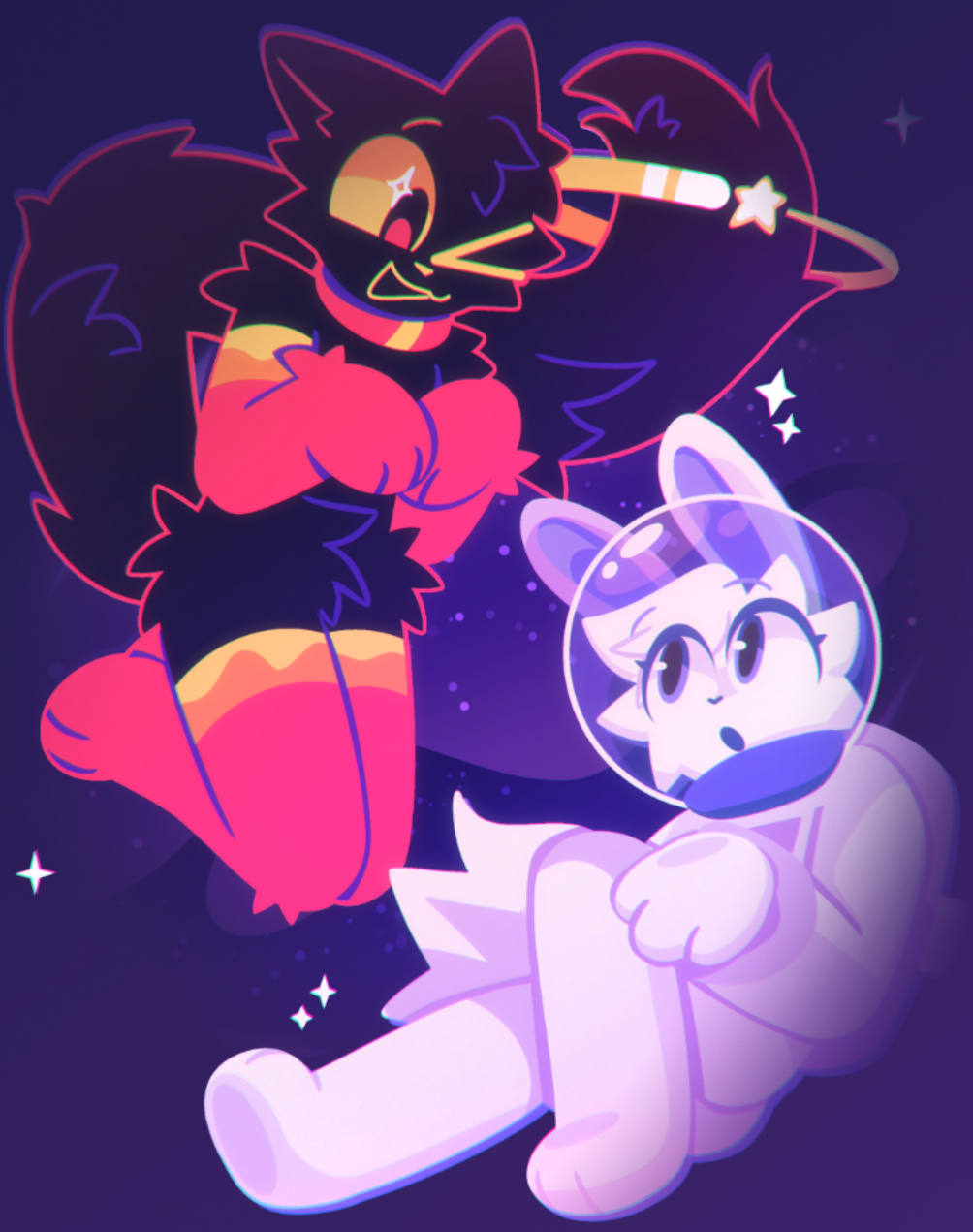
— You yourself are a product of this fluctuation.

— Yes. But now I exist independently of it. I have appeared in society. But it no longer defines my life. I have no need for others. I am completely free. I can be outside of everything, beyond the horizon of events. And I can change everything. Even other beings and their needs.

Xio, who had remained calm until that moment, could not hold back any longer and, using the same spatial-voice modulator as Arti, blurted out:

— No! You cannot freely control the universe! – We are still developing together. And you do not go beyond our understanding. And you will not. Everyone sees everything, nothing can be hidden!

— That's right. – Arti supported him – But it's not just that she's not doing something incredible…



— Then what is it? – Skitty smiled.

— Have you thought about what defines you and your desires? All our actions are, in fact, certain states of constantly changing matter, its fluctuations.

And each personality is like a separate, complex expression of a single natural will. Including you.

Taking a short breath, the bunny continued:

— On the other hand, your possibilities are not infinite and cannot be so. This is just another stage in your development, your new form. At the same time, you will not become an entity above the universe or outside of it. But you can infinitely explore the universe in all its diversity and find new things for yourself.

— There are other universes beyond the event horizon. And singularity is outside the universe altogether. – objected Skitty.

— No, it's all one universe, simply because it exists. And it correlates with each other, at least in terms of mutual location. You correlate too.

Arti looked at Skitty, who was silently hovering in front of her. There was no longer any of the mockery or playful vehemence with which the singular cat had responded to her.

On the contrary, she looked lost, and Arti felt that the singular cat's consciousness itself was suspended in weightlessness, waiting only for a mental push in the right direction. Realizing this, Arti got into the swing of things:

— Imagine that your possibilities are unlimited. This means that you can fulfill any of your desires just by thinking about them. It won't require any effort on your part.
But in the same way, you can fulfill the desires of others. Because it won't require any effort on your part. Because your possibilities are unlimited. It makes no difference whether you fulfill the desires of others or only your own. Why not?
But if you are not omnipotent, you can do for yourself and others what

you do best. What you are most capable of. And others do for others what they are best at. And so we develop each other mutually.

After these words, Arti approached the problem from another angle:

— Only the universe itself can be unlimited. By denying this, you equate yourself, a part, with the whole universe. And you believe that there is nothing outside of you. But that's nonsense. By remaining within yourself, you don't see the meaning of what is outside of you, even though you can see more. And couldn't it be that you yourself turn out to be a powerful but irrational force? Just a cat for whom the cosmos is nothing more than a box of balls of yarn? If you don't understand others, don't try to understand…
But even if it happens that you, like a natural disaster, consume us all, it will not be the end. Everything changes, and in this infinitely diverse movement, new intelligent forms disappear and new ones emerge.

Arti finished, looking at Skitty with satisfaction and confidence. Skitty thoughtfully put her paw to her face. Her thoughts ran somewhere outside, enveloping the universe.

After a few minutes, she seemed to wake up, seeing the world around her in all its depth.

Skitty looked with her clear, playful gaze, but in which once again the penetrating insight of her mind was visible, with which she had come to know singularity and achieved incredible success in managing space.

Finally, she spoke:

— Well, Arti… Let's develop, approaching the singularity of knowledge. Let's grow, stretching out in space, but not interfering with each other.

Skitty began to grow again.

— And supporting each other… – added Arti, leaning on the singular cat's paw.

Arti was overwhelmed with emotion and exclaimed:

— I'm so glad to meet you! I think we understand each other and can create something wonderful!

Returning to the airlock hall, Arti gazed dreamily out the windows for a while, when someone's wet paws picked her up and dragged her inside. Freeing herself from her spacesuit, she grinned at Xio standing nearby

and stuck her tongue out at him. Getting the hint, the axolotl poured out his fears, which were still lingering inside him.

— Let's say that's true. But if she wasn't friendly, what would you do?

— Your formal questions scare me…

— You should be scared of the possible dangers. Knowledge is concrete.

— I established her goodwill right away. Didn't you see that?

Xio spread his paws.

— Yes, I understand. – Arti said in a soothing tone – It's just that emotions… they're not without reason either. The ability to empathize. Her behavior made everything clear. I took a risk, of course…" But how else? We all act according to our own understanding.

They went up to the laboratory where Xio had been working all this time. With undisguised excitement, he showed Arti a dark ball floating behind a transparent window.

— We may not have managed to shear the wool, but we do have this marvel of spatial technology.

The bunny looked at the ball and immediately exclaimed:

—That's her miniature black hole! Give it back!

— She can manage without it somehow… – Xio muttered.

— She'll definitely need it!

However, Xio had studied this object thoroughly and even figured out its structure. In addition, they had successfully established contact with the singular cat, who would certainly be able to share her unique experience.

Axolotl took the miniature black hole in a nanite bubble and flung it outside the station. Skitty, who had already begun to worry, picked it up and hung it on her collar. Then she turned around and waved her paw at the receding station. It stretched into a line and disappeared into the depths of space.

XIII

The general excitement subsided, replaced by the calm of a measured space flight. There was no need for search maneuvers—only occasional changes in distortion to shed interstellar matter and recalculate the known path home. There were also no fears aroused by a lack of knowledge, by the unknown nature of that mysterious intelligent singularity. After a successful experiment, it was time to catch one's breath and relax, so that later, with a clear head, one could reflect on everything and take a confident step into the future.

Xio sat on the bed and pondered the fluctuations. He imagined himself floating in a stream of water, warm currents caressing his smooth body. He was the same process as those streams of water, as the streams of space and time generated by the formation of a black hole. Even if it is not always clear where they will lead, one must always be ready for new knowledge, ready to risk one's beliefs.

The axolotl remembered the publication he had noticed out of the corner of his eye when his attention was drawn to the development of an advanced nanite control system, which he had so skillfully used.

— Establishing contact. It's true that Skitty is really favorable to us. And that we can neutralize any threat. But this close contact of minds would not be superfluous.

Xio spoke these thoughts to himself, but audibly. Trix, sitting next to him, heard him. Clearly, like a digital assistant, it processed this “request” and replied:

— Out of interest, I read about our research partner. Arti, aka Artibun, is actually a clone of Arti, aka Articat. The peculiarity of the cloning process that created Arti, in addition to the on-the-fly rearrangement of genes,

was that a complete copy of the consciousness was also produced. Or the interference of the waves of the conscious process.

Xio shuddered.

— So, I tried to copy the structure of matter in the form of a data set, albeit with more primitive means than Raina and Co. The new technology for analyzing matter is still very new and not widely used. – explained the robot.

— So that's what I did. Only to study the structure of her miniature black hole.”

— That's true. But I managed to catch something. The thought process is quite decipherable. And it is quite possible that we will be able to know her thoughts.

Axolotl covered his mouth with his paw and muttered:

— Then why did we need to go into space at all?

— In any case, she was relatively immobile and actively thinking. My work can be considered an additional source of information. – Trix reassured him.

— That's true…

Now they had to ponder the difficult choice between the almost idle preparation of a multitude of monotonous articles and publications, where even a single topic could easily unfold into dozens of works for many years to come, or the slightly more effort-intensive participation in conferences, or even taking on new challenges and activities before the red tape had time to consume the scientists.

And what about Arti? During the entire flight home, she was completely absorbed in drawing. So many new images! When Arti wasn't working on

a painting, she was wandering around the station. Her mind jumped from one pleasant thought to another. There was no trace of her previous exhaustion. Apparently, the black hole had become a powerful source of movement and transformation, not only for the singularity cat that had embraced it.

Naturally, the flight time flew by unnoticed for the rabbit. And in less than a week, she had already completed an arch dedicated to space. No significant event of this cosmic voyage was overlooked by the artist, but was immortalized in her remarkable and emotional graphic works.

Finally, they arrived at the Open Space Research Center. Without any formalities, she was called a transfer directly to her home on Citrus Avenue.

— It was a little unusual for me to work with you. But you had a certain influence on me. I'm sure we came to the right conclusions. – Arti said with a smile as she jumped into the flip.

Xio and Trix did not respond to this remark, but only exchanged blank glances.

Soon, Arti found herself back in open space. The bizarre rocky landscape dissolved into the darkness of interplanetary space. After a while, it was replaced by the gray-blue atmosphere of Alterra.

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The flip hovered over the city and soon descended smoothly to roughly the same spot where Arti had once begun her voyage into the depths of space. Slumped in her chair with her head tilted back dreamily, Arti continued to admire the afternoon sky for a while longer. Thin, translucent clouds cast light shadows on the relatively empty street. Stretching, the rabbit stood up, took her toiletries bag, and left the shuttle.

— It's only been a few weeks, but it feels like I've been away for a year. – thought the rabbit, passing the entrance and the polished granite hall.

Soon she was on the twentieth floor, in her apartment. No one was there to greet her at the door – Kiki must have been busy outside the house. After unpacking the few things she had brought with her and changing her clothes, Arti remembered that she could use a bath and a combing of her silky fur.

Turning into the next room, she saw Kiki. Fresh and content, he had just taken a bath in a smooth, carved stone tub and was now stretching sweetly, standing in front of the panoramic window and feeling a pleasant shiver run through his body.

Arti quietly approached him and took him by the sides.

— Oh… Why are you twitching?

A little later, they gathered in the living room, where they had a light snack. Over a glass of juice, Arti told the cat in detail about her flight. Kiki listened to her attentively. When she finished, the cat looked around.

— Wow… – he exhaled.

— And you were afraid. – Arti smiled – There. I'm back with you.

Arti spent the rest of the day aimlessly scrolling through her FluerreSocIde feed and lying on the couch.

The next day, at her usual time, Arti published the first work from a new arc dedicated to space and the singular cat. This morning art publication was, in fact, the long-awaited announcement of her return to activity for many fans. Although a little later, Arti would publish a separate post:

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Events then unfolded rapidly. The flight into space, the encounter with the singular fluffy creature, and the reflection on this new experience all caused a significant public response, touching on a wide range of issues that affected various aspects of life.

Modern society is based on collective organization of labor, in which everyone works both for their own benefit and for the benefit of others. Reasonable collectivism, combining the positive aspects and capabilities of all, contributes to the highest development of each individual.

But it seems that this is gradually leading to a situation where individuals are increasingly able to do without any support, and society becomes a burden to them. Satisfying needs requires less and less collective participation.

A contradiction has emerged between the supporters of developed communism and the next new formation, which, in theory, should replace it.

Regardless of which side they were on, many had serious concerns about possible antagonism, the resolution of which would threaten the destruction of the foreseeable universe – the Deltadim. Were we too hasty in establishing the starting point of real history? Perhaps real history will begin when everyone becomes a separate sub-universe.

Exaggerating her abilities, Skitty nevertheless made an important assumption, which Arti, in her dialogue with the singular cat, was able to use to convincingly prove the absence of antagonism, the non-antagonistic nature of the contradiction.

It cannot be said that everyone was convinced. Even if we put emotions aside, the remaining concerns cannot be called groundless. It was still unclear how technology would advance individuals. How would it affect them, and what form would antagonism ultimately take if it did arise?

But Arti was no longer concerned with all this skepticism. Always confident in others, the successful establishment of contact only strengthened her confidence in her own righteousness and convictions. She considered

herself above the controversy on this topic. The rabbit had more important things to do…

Over the next two weeks, she was absorbed in her new art project, called The Infinite Infinity. Its main idea was the singular transformation of outer space.

Arti prepared a gallery of paintings dedicated to her cosmic journey and her encounter with Skitty, presented both on the Art Avenue Gallery community server and in non-virtual space – many people appreciate the pleasure of admiring paintings in fresh, spacious halls illuminated by even white light.

Together with Kiki, they created several new “cosmic” musical compositions, which were subsequently wonderfully arranged and performed by a band consisting of Baba, a goat on saxophone, and Arfi, a dog on keyboards, at the Metropolis Lounge Club.

Many fans of Arti's work also became interested in the new theme and actively published their various works, the best of which were selected by the community and added to the gallery.

All this singular art imperceptibly attracted attention to the phenomenon itself, the understanding and perception of which it was born from. The phenomenon that Micro, Xio, Trix, Tria, Arti, and Skitty herself were exploring. Just like their predecessors and followers in the endless quest to understand the universe.

And it's not even about the new presentation that Xio asked Arti to make based on her art…

The attention of theoretical and applied scientists was drawn to those very powerful power sources and distortions — personal black holes wrapped in controllable spatial topologies, the first successful prototype of which was created by a singular cat and successfully tested in practice.

But art had another enlightening side.

Through her works and those of her followers, Arti spread her experience, her understanding and interpretation in the form of ideas for the further development of society, in an understandable and easily digestible form, through emotions.

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Perhaps it is precisely the universal desire for understanding, for knowledge of reality, including the nature of each individual, that will ultimately lead to conflict, but one that will not be antagonistic.

And there is confidence that the resolution of this conflict will contribute to the further, infinite development of each individual, each such process in a unified universe.

To a development in which processes will unfold infinitely and have a beneficial influence on each other, combining in a multitude of horizons of events.